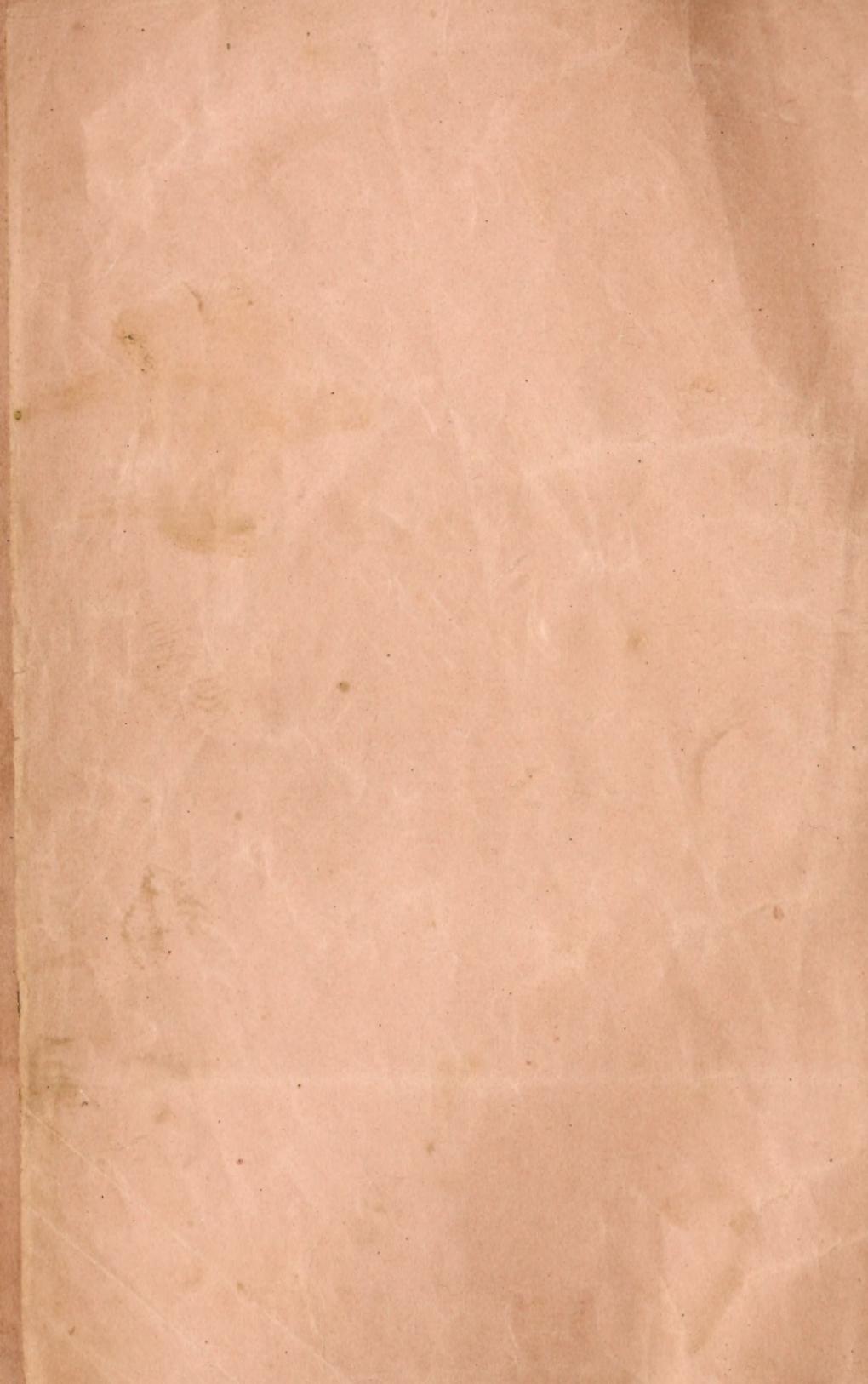


June 20th 1868

John Beffling



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274

S O C I A L
H Y M N A N D T U N E B O O K :

FOR

THE LECTURE ROOM,
PRAYER MEETING, FAMILY CIRCLE,
AND MISSION CHURCH.

E I G H T H E D I T I O N .

PHILADELPHIA :
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STEREOTYPED BY WESTCOTT & THOMSON.

PREFACE.

THE "SOCIAL HYMN AND TUNE Book" is an endeavor to give, in a volume of moderate size, the best hymns and the best tunes.

The Hymns are mainly drawn from the "*Church Psalmist*," with such additions, selected and original, as have the stamp of merit. These hymns are arranged under leading topics and in logical order. The topics are indicated by right-hand headings in **SMALL CAPITALS**, and will be found systematically arranged at the close, in an Index; the logical order of the hymns is indicated by *italic* right-hand headings, and, under the two extended topics, "Christ" and "Christian Life," is further indicated by subordinate divisions in the "Index of Topics."

The Tunes, carefully selected and carefully adapted to the hymns, are fitted, it is believed, both to express the sentiments of sacred song and to kindle, in pious hearts, the flame of devotion. They are old tunes chiefly, with such approved new ones as the church will not let die. Many of them are copy-righted; and, used in this book by permission, they cannot be used, by others, without the like permission.

PREFACE.

In all the Indices reference is made to the hymns and tunes by their *numbers*, not by the pages on which they occur. In the Index of First Lines, the figures in parentheses refer to the Psalms and Hymns in the "*Church Psalmist*," in order to facilitate its use in connection with that book.

The Tenor and Bass have been given on separate staves, at some expense of space and cost; but to many singers this arrangement will prove helpful and acceptable.

For music gratuitously furnished, our thanks are due to Messrs. George Kingsley, C. D. Gould, and J. W. Dadmun.

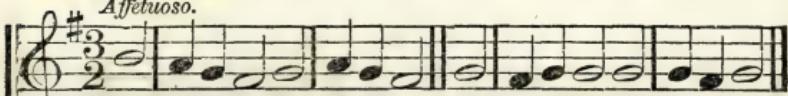
Whilst the collection is primarily designed for social worship, it is well suited to the use of the family and of the great congregation. To the church and the church's glorious Head, it is prayerfully commended.

JAY, No. 117, takes the place of JAYNES, (in the first edition,) which, in melody, is substantially the same as Autumn, No. 310. Copies of JAY will be furnished gratuitously to purchasers of the first edition.

SOCIAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

1 *ROCKINGHAM. L. M.*

Affetuoso.



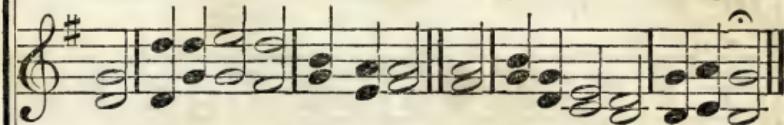
1. Come, dear-est Lord! de-scend and dwell, By faith and love, in ev'-ry breast;



2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; Make our enlarged souls possess,



Then shall we know, and taste, and feel, The joys that can-not be express'd.



And learn the height, and breadth, and length Of thine e-ter-nal love and grace.



2 NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King! Help us thy name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-

to - ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word !
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness !
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter !
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

3

Praise to the Redeemer. 6s & 4s.

1 COME, all ye saints of God !
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' name ;
Tell what his love has done,
Trust in his grace alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Swell the glad theme ;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

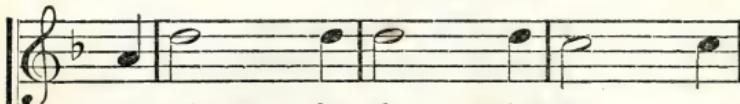
4 GERAR. S. M.



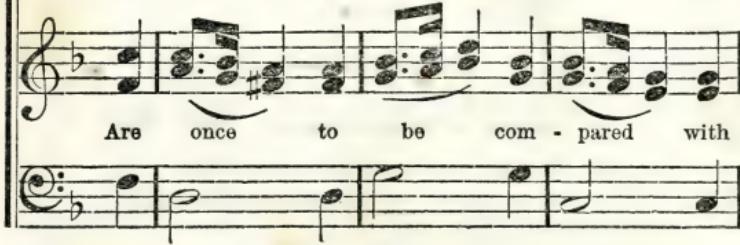
1. How charming is the place, Where my Re-deem - er God



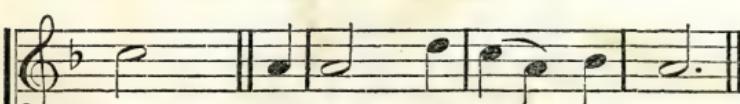
2. Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re - sort,



Un - veils the glo - - ries of his



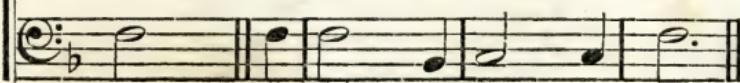
Are once to be com - pared with



face, And sheds his love a - broad!



this, Where Je - sus holds his court.

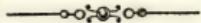


INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To thee, our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
Oh ! listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.

5 Give us, O Lord ! a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of our God.



5

Praise for Preserving Grace. S. M.

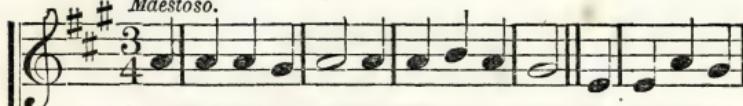
1 To God, the only-wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

6 LYONS. 5s & 6s.

Maestoso.

1. Ye servants of God! Your Master proclaim, And publish a-



2. God rul-eth on high, Al-might-y to save; And still he is



broad His won - der-ful name; The name, all-vic - to-rious, Of



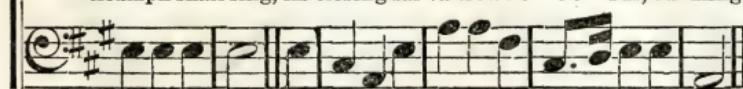
nigh, His pre-sence we have: The great con-gre - ga-tion His



Je-sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, And rules ov-er all.



triumph shall sing, As-cribing sal-va-tion To Je - sus, our King.



INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

3 "Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne!"
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son :
Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim ;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might ;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

7

Praise to Jehovah. S. M.

Tune.—GERAR, No. 4.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the Sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.

8 WARSAW. H. M.



1. Lord of the worlds a-bove! How plea-sant, and how



2. Oh! hap-py souls who pray, Where God ap-points to

3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of



fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth-ly



hear; Oh! hap-py men who pay Their con-stant
tears, Till each ar-rives at length, Till each in



tem-ples are! To thine a-bode my heart as-pires,



ser-vice there; They praise thee still; and hap-py they,
heav'n ap-pears; Oh! glo-rious seat, when God, our King,



WARSAW.—Continued.

With warm de-sires to see my God.
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
Shall thith-er bring Our will-ing feet.

9

Praise to the King of Glory. H. M.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law :
And, where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend ?
I love his name,—I love his word ;
Join, all my powers ! and praise the Lord.

10 NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

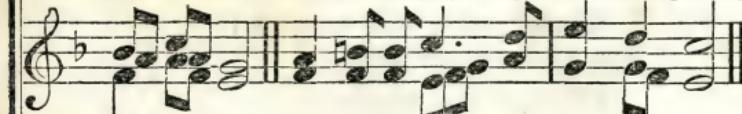
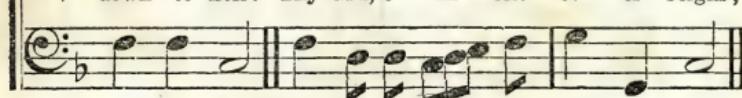
Moderato.



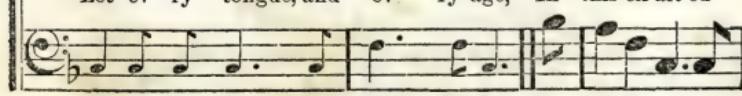
1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And, when my voice is

2. Hap-py the man, whose hopes re-ly On Israel's God; he
3. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wick-ed

lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler pow'rs;

made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train:
down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and

His truth for ev - er stands se-ure; He saves th' oppress'd, he
Let ev - ry tongue, and ev - ry age, In this ex-alt-ed

be - ing last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en-dures.
feeds the poor; And none shall find his pro-mise vain.
work en - gage; Praise him in ev - er last-ing strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

11

Praise from all the Earth. L. P. M

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathen know ;
His wonders to the nations show ;
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties,—how divinely bright !
His temple,—how divinely fair !

12 *WATCHMAN. S. M.*

1. Oh! bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-

2. Oh! bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his
3. 'Tis he for gives thy sins, 'Tis he re-

in me join, And aid my tongue to

mer - cies lie, For - got - ten in un-
lieves thy pain, 'Tis he who heals thy

bless his name Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais-es die,
sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

13

Praise for God's Mercies. S. M.

- 1 My soul ! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning-flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord !
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

14 *LANESBORO: C. M.*

1. Ear - ly, my God! with - out de - lay, I haste to
 2. So pilgri - ms on the scorch-ing sand, Be-neath a
 3. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy power Thro' all thy

seek thy face; My thirs-ty spi - rit faints a - way,
 burn-ing sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand,
 tem - ple shine; My God! re - peat that heav'n - ly hour,

My thirs - ty spi - rit faints a - way,
 Long for a cool - ing stream at hand,
 My God! re - peat that heav'n - ly hour,



4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move ;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

15

Praise for Redemption. C. M.

1 FATHER ! how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

4 Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

16 **OLD HUNDRED.** *L. M.*

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne,
 2. His sove - reign power, with - out our aid

Ye na-tions! bow with sa-cred joy: Know that the Lord is
 Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like wand'ring

God a-lone: He can cre-ate, and he des - troy.
 sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker ! to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

17

Public Worship. L. M.

1 GREAT God ! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day, with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace !
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Moderato. 18 CHIMES. C. M.

Moderato.

18

CHIMES. C. M.

M.

A musical score for a hymn. The title 'Come, Thou Desire of All' is at the top. The first line 'Come, thou desire of all thy saints!' is on the treble clef staff, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo of 'moderato'. The second line 'How should our songs, like those above, With' is on the bass clef staff, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo of 'moderato'. The music consists of two staves with corresponding lyrics.

A musical score for three voices. The top line is a soprano part, the middle line is an alto part, and the bottom line is a bass part. The music is in common time and consists of three staves of five measures each. The lyrics are: "hum - ble strains at - tend, While, with our praises / warm de - vo - tion rise! How should our souls, on". The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and rests.

A musical score for three voices, likely soprano, alto, and bass. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, and the third with a bass clef. The lyrics are: "and com - plaints, Low at thy feet we bend." The second staff continues with "wings of love, Mount up - ward to the skies!" The music is in common time, with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

3 Come, Lord ! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour ! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer ! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.



19

Praise to the Saviour. C. M.

1 OH ! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God !
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease ;
'Tis music to my ravished ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

20 FERGUSON. S. M.

1. My God, my life, my love! To thee, to

2. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an gels

thee I call; I can - not live, if thou re-

owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gra - cious

move, For thou art all in all.

throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

3 Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford :
No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord !

5 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.



21

Holy Spirit invoked. S. M.

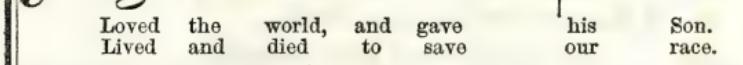
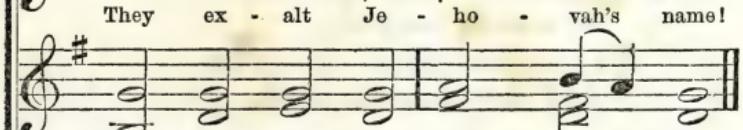
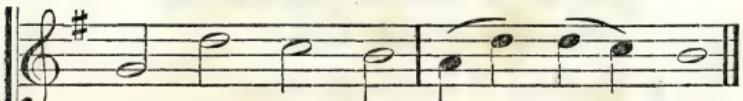
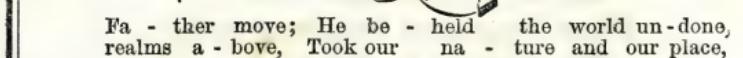
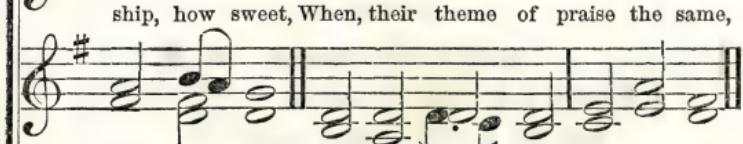
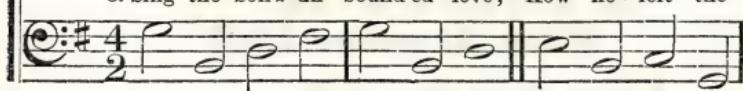
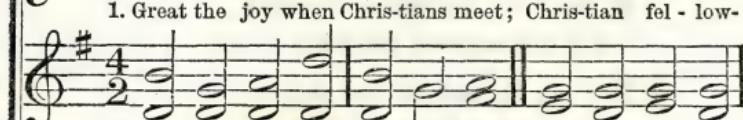
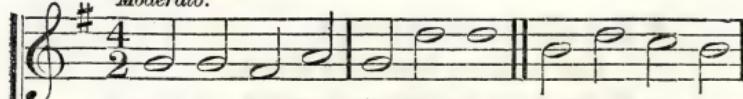
1 COME, holy Spirit ! come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And, to our wondering view, revea.
 The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breast the flame
 Of never-dying love.

22 NUREMBURG. 7s.

Moderato.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chased the mists of sins away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet !
Where the theme is still the same ;
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

23

Rejoicing in Hope. 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There, your seat is now prepared ;
There, your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

24 WARWICK. C. M.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For

2. How much is mer - ey thy de - light, Thou

3. How hap - py all thy ser - vants are! How

all his kind - ness shown? My feet shall vi - sit

ev - er bless - ed God! How dear thy ser-vants
great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast

thine a - bode, My songs ad-dress thy throne.

in thy sight, How pre - cious is their blood
made thy care, Lord! I de - vote to thee.

INVOCATION AND PRAISE.

4 Now I am thine—for ever thine ;
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints ! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

25

Singing Salvation. C. M.

1 My Saviour ! my almighty Friend !
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust :
Thy goodness I adore ;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

5 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers !
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

26 BARBY. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Fath - er of mer - cies! in thy word What
2. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads

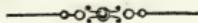
end - less glo - ry shines! For ev - er be thy
heav'n-ly peace a - round; And life, and ev - er-

name a - dored, For these ce - les - tial lines.
last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.

SCRIPTURES.

3 Oh! may those heavenly pages be
 My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

4 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.



27

The Spirit and the Word. C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies,
 The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view.
 In brighter worlds above.

28 ROTHWELL. L. M.



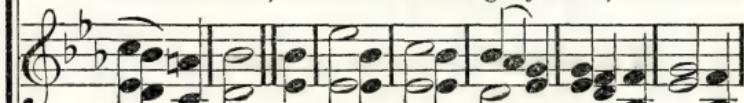
1. God, in the gospel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal



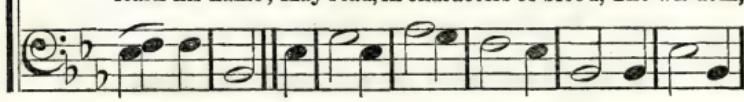
2. Here, sinners of an hum-ble frame May taste his grace, and



counsels known, Where love in all its glory shines, And truth is



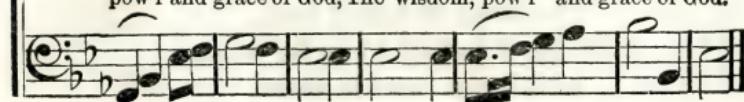
learn his name; May read, in characters of blood, The wis-dom,



drawn in fairest lines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines



pow'r and grace of God, The wisdom, pow'r and grace of God.



SCRIPTURES.

3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh ! grant us grace, almighty Lord !
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

5 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye,
Till life's last hour, my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.



29

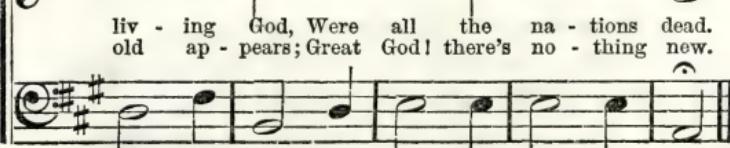
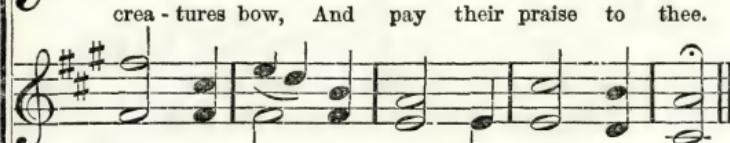
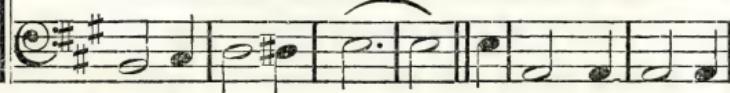
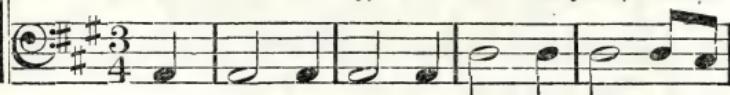
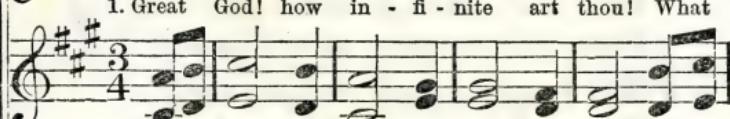
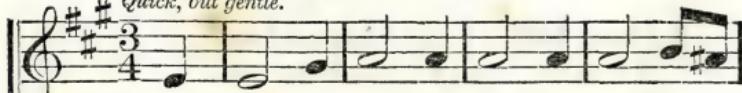
Nature and Revelation. L. M.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness ! arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

30 *MANOAH. C. M.**Quick, but gentle.*

GOD.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares ;
While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

31

God's Omnipresence. C. M.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try,
To shun thy presence, Lord ! or flee
 The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're formed within ;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh ! wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
 Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

32 *WARE. L. M.*

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter-nal God! Thy goodness in full
 glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through every
 cloud, That veils or dark-ens thy de - signs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God ! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope, our comfort springs !
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings

4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
 And, in thy light, our souls shall see,
 The glories promised in thy word.

33

God's Omnipotence. L. M.

1 LORD ! thou hast searched and seen me through:
 Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known ;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
 On every side I find thy hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh ! may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

Gently—Legato.

1. My Mak-er and my King! To thee my

all I owe; Thy sov-reign boun-ty is the

spring, Whence all my bless - ings flow.

G O D .

2 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live ;
My God ! thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give,

3 Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
Lord ! form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.

4 Oh ! let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.



35

The Good Shepherd. S. M.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place,
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
 My Shepherd's with me there.

36 HOWARD. C. M.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God! My

2. Ten thousand thousand pre - cious gifts My

3. Through eve - ry pe - riod of my life, Thy

ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the

dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Nor is the least a

good-ness I'll pur - sue; And af - ter death, in

view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.

GOD.

4 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

37

Providence. C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Moderato.

1. God! my sup - port - er and my hope, My
 2. Thy coun-sels, Lord! shall guide my feet, Through
 3. Were I in heav'n with - out my God, 'T would

help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy
 this dark wil - der - ness; Thy hand con - duct me
 be no joy to me; And, while this earth is

held me up, When sink - ing in de - spair.
 near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.
 my a - bode, I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint?
 God is my soul's eternal rock ;
 The strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God !
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

39

God a Shepherd. C. M.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways ;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days ;
 Oh ! may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise.

5 There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come,
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

40 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I

2. Through the val-ley and shadow of death, though I

3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my table is

know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold-ed I

stray, Since thou art my guar-dian no e - vil I

spread; With blessings un - measured my cup run-neth

rest; He leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters

fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy staff be my

o'er; With per - fume and oil thou a - noin - test my

PORTUGUESE HYMN.—Continued.

flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort-er
head; Oh! what shall I ask of thy pro - vi-dence
press'd. Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
more? Oh! what shall I ask of thy pro - vi-dence more?

41

God a Guide. C. M.

Tune.—WARWICK, No. 24.

- 1 My soul! triumphant in the Lord,
 Proclaim thy joys abroad,
 And march with holy vigor on,
 Supported by thy God.
- 2 Through every winding maze of life,
 His hand has been my guide;
 And, in his long-experienced care,
 My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
 An unexhausted stream;
 That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
 Shall be my endless theme.

42 CLARENDON. C. M.

1. Dear Father! to thy mercy-seat My soul for shel - ter

2. My cheerful hope can nev-er die, If thou, my God! art

3. My great Pro-tec - tor, and my Lord! Thy con-stant aid im-

flies: 'Tis here I find a safe re - treat,

near; Thy grace can raise my com - forts high,
part; Oh! let thy kind, thy gra - cious word

When storms and tem - pests rise.

And ban - ish . . . ev' - ry fear.
Sus - tain my trem - bling heart.

4 Oh ! never let my soul remove
 From this divine retreat :
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.



43

God a Refuge. C. M.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul !
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For every pain I feel.

3 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?

5 No,—still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer :
 Oh ! may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there !

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.



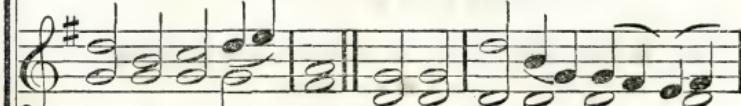
1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly



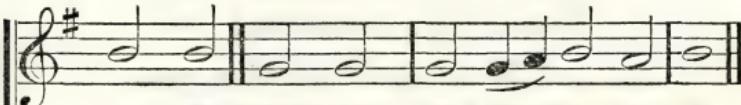
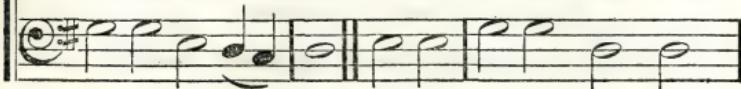
2. List - en to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they



sounding through the skies? Lo! th' ange - lic host re



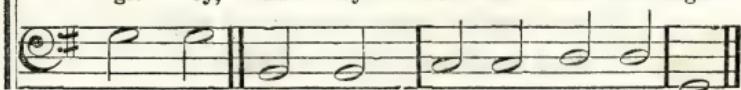
chant in hymns of joy; "Glo-ry in the high - est,



joi - ces, Heav'n - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.



glo - ry, Gle ry be to God most high!"



CHRIST.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth ! his praises sing :
Oh ! receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet, priest, and king.

5 "Hasten, mortals ! to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high !"



45

Christ born. 8s and 7s.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free ;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art ;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

46 OATLANDS. C. M.

vid's line, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign. 3. 'To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of Da-*vid*'s line, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign."/>

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-*gel* of the Lord came down, The an-*angel* of the mind, "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, Glad tidings of great joy, I bring, To you and all mankind, To you and all mankind.

2. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind, "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of Da-*vid*'s line, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.

3. "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of Da-*vid*'s line, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.

CHRIST.

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease!"

—○—○—○—

47

The Saviour Comes. C. M.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes,—the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes,—the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.

48 *STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.*

1. When, marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host be-



2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the



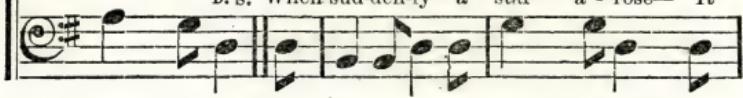
stud the sky, One star a-lone, of all the train, Can

D. S. But one a-lone the Sa - viour speaks—It



night was dark, The ocean yawn'd, and rude-ly blow'd The

D. S. When sud-den-ly a star a - rose— It



FINE.



fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the

is the Star of Beth - le-hem.



wind that toss'd my found'ring bark, Deep horror then my

was the Star of Beth - le-hem.



STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—Continued.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time. The key signature is G major. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The bass part is in a lower octave. The lyrics are: "cho-rus breaks, From ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem." and "vi - tals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;". The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines. The bass part follows the soprano and alto parts. The score ends with a repeat sign and the instruction "D. S." (Da capo subito).

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

49

Christ: the Way, Truth, and Life. C. M.

Tune.—CHIMES, No. 18.

- 1 THOU art the Way ;—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord ! in thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ;—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ;—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those, who put their trust in thee,
Not death nor hell shall harm.

50 *HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s.*

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our

darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East!—the ho-ri-zon a-

—

dorn-ing, Guide where the in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall :
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold, would his favor secure ;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East !—the horizon adorning—
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

51

Christ the Day-Star. 11s.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness ;
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
 Arise,—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far :
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them ;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion ! the power that hath saved thee,
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
 Shout,—for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

52 BROOKLYN. H. M.

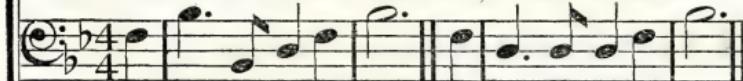


1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains,



2. Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh, The joyful hosts descend;

3. Bear, bear the tidings round; Let ev- ery mortal know



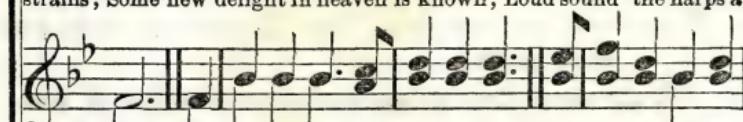
And seraphs find em - ploy For their sub-lim - est



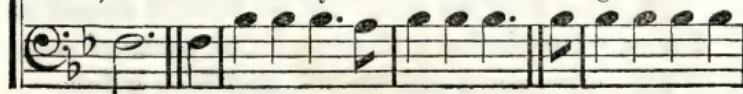
Je - sus for-sakes the sky, To earth his footsteps
What love in God is found, What pi - ty he can



strains; Some new delight in heaven is known; Loud sound the harps a



bend; He comes to bless our fallen race; He comes with messa-
show; Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll! Bear the glad news from



BROOKLYN.—Continued.

round the throne, Loud sound the harps around the throne.
ges of grace, He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace.
pole to pole, Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;
Arise, ye sons of men !
And all his grace proclaim ;
Angels and men ! wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing !

53

Christ heralded by Angels. 7s.

Tune.—NUREMBURG, No. 22.

1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
“ Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.”

2 Joyful, all ye nations ! rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th’ angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

3 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.

54 HAMBURG. L. M.

Slow and gentle.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of
glo - ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss,
And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

CHRIST.

2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See,—from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



55

The Crucified Saviour. L. M.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies !
Hark ! his expiring groans arise :
See—from his hands, his feet, his side,
Fast flows the sacred crimson tide !

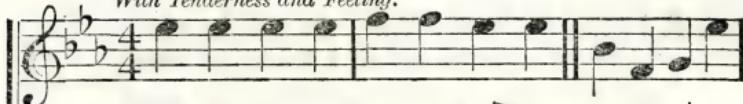
2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream,—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel-foes !

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?

4 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

56 OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

With Tenderness and Feeling.



1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds aloud from
See! it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth and



Cal-va-ry; } "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dying
veils the sky: }

Ritard. *Tempo Primo.*

Sa - viour cry, Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry.



CHRIST.

2 "It is finished!"—Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints! the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

57

Christ on the Cross. C. M.

Tune.—STEPHENS, No. 38.

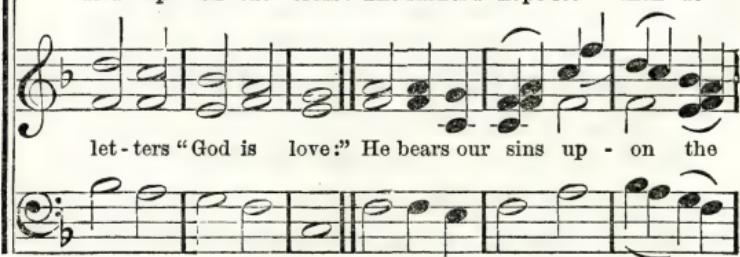
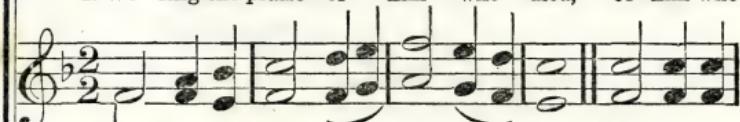
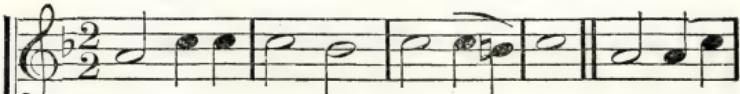
1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

58 DUKE STREET. L. M.



CHRIST.

3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight :
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
'Tis all that sinners want below,
'Tis all that angels know above.

—○—○—
59 *Wonders of the Cross.* L. M.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

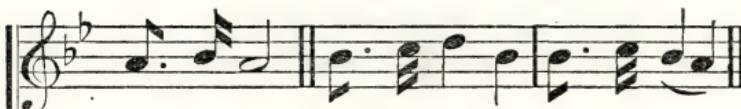
3 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and died :
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

60 CIRCLE. 7s.



1. Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scat - ters



all its gloom; Day of triumph through the skies,



See the glo - rious Sa - viour rise!



CHRIST.

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay !

3 Christian ! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.



61

Christ Risen. S. M.

Tune.—FERGUSON, No. 20.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed ;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more ;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore,

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then hell has lost his prey ;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels ! hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs !
To sing our risen Lord.

62 NEWBURY. H. M.

1. Yes, the Re - deem-er rose; The Sa - viour left the

2. Lo! the an - ge - lic bands In full as - sem - bly

3. Then back to heaven they fly, The joy - ful news to

dead; And o'er our hellish foes, High raised his conquering

meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his
bear: Hark, as they soar on high, What music fills the

head: In wild dis - may, The guards a - round,

feet: Joy - ful they come, And wing their way,
air! Their an - them say, "Je - sus, who bled,

NEWBURY.—Continued.

Music score for 'NEWBURY.—Continued.' featuring three staves of musical notation. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

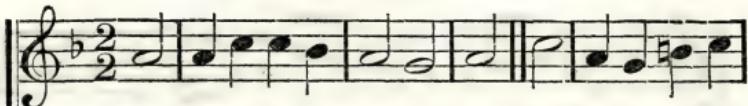
From realms of day, To Je - sus' tomb.
Has left the dead; He rose to - day.

63

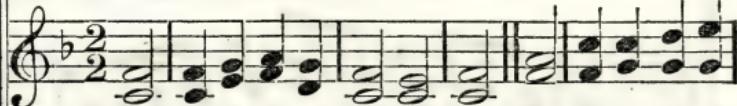
Christ, King. H. M.

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.
- 3 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.

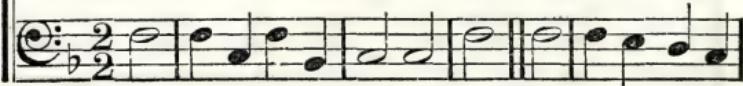
64 UXBRIDGE. L. M.



1. He lives, the great Re-deem-er lives! What joy the blest as-



2. Re - peat-ed crimes a - wake our fears, And justice, arm'd with



sur - ance gives! And now, be - fore his Fa - ther-



frowns ap - pears; But, in the Sa - viour's love - ly



God, Pleads the full me - rits of his blood.



face, Sweet mer - cy smiles, and all is peace.



CHRIST.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On thee our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.



65 *Christ, High-priest and King.* L. M.

1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God

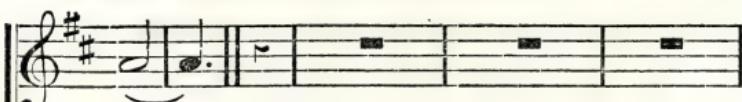
3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior king,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold ! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move :
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come, Lord ! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

66 *ANTIOCH. C. M.*

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her



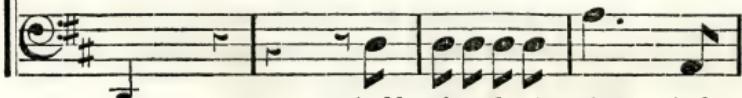
King; Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare him



And heav'n and nature sing, . . .



room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature



And heav'n and nature sing, And

ANTIOCH.—Continued.

sing, . . . And heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing, And hea-ven, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns ;
 Let men their songs employ !
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

67

Christ worthy to Reign. *L. M.*
Tune.—ROCKINGHAM, No. 1.

1 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
 In earth and heaven, the Lord of all !
 Let all the powers of earth obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.
2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain :
 Creation's voice the note prolong !
 Jesus the Lamb shall ever reign :
 Let hallelujahs crown the song.

Animated.

68 HARWELL. 8s & 7s.



1. Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a-



2. Jes-us! hail ! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it



bove, Je - sus reigns, and heaven re-joices; Je - sus



worth; Lord of life! thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers, and



reigns, the God of love; See! he sits on yonder



charms thy saints on earth: When we think of love like



HARWELL.—Continued.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major. The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, and the third an alto clef. The lyrics are as follows:

throne; Je-sus rules the world a - lone. Hal - le-
thine, Lord! we own it love di - vine. Hal-le-
lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.
lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

3 King of glory! reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring—oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
“Glory, glory to our King.”

69 ZEBULON. H. M.

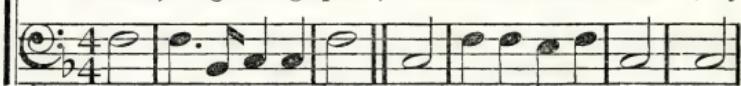


1. Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power, That



2. Great Prophet of our God ! Our tongues would bless thy name ; By

3. Jesus, our great high priest, Hath shed his blood and died ; My



ever mortals knew, That an-gels ev-er bore : All are too mean to



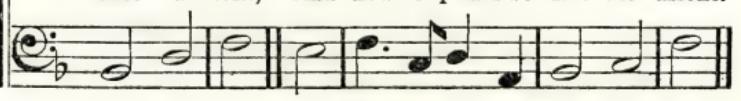
thee the joyful news Of our salvation came ; The joyful news of
guilty conscience needs No sacrifice beside : His precious blood did



speak his worth, Too mean to set my Sa - viour forth.



sins for-given, Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
once a - tone, And now it pleads be - fore the throne.



CHRIST.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King !
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing ;
Thine is the power ; oh ! make us sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

70

Christ's Mission. H. M.

- 1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name !
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate his fame ;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love, came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What he endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

71 SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

1. Je - sus! hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for ev - er
 2. There for sin - ners thou art pleading, There thou dost our

to a - bide; All the heav'ly host a - dore thee,
 place pre - pare; Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing,

Seat - ed at . . . thy Fa - ther's side.
 Till in glo - - ry we ap - pear.

CHRIST.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

72

Christ's Love. C. M.

Tune.—WARWICK, No. 24.

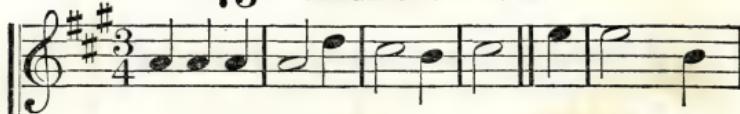
1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and—oh ! amazing love !—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels ! assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

73 *MIGDOL. L. M.*

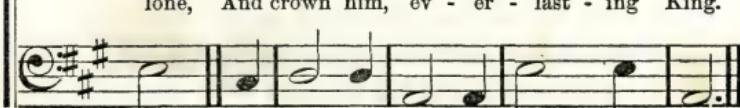
1 Around the Saviour's lofty throne, Ten thou - sand



times ten thousand sing; They worship him as God a-



lone, And crown him, ev - er - last - ing King.



CHRIST.

2 Approach, ye saints ! this God is yours
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above :
Ye cannot want, while God endures ;
Ye cannot fail, while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King !
To thee the praise of heaven belongs !
Yet, smile on us, who fain woud bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view ;
And, when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.



74

Christ's Glory and Grace. L. M.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace !
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace !—'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :
Ye angels ! dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens ! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh ! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

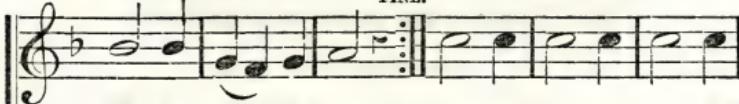
75 CARO. 8s & 7s. Double.



1. Might - y God! while an - gels bless thee, May a
Lord of men, as well as an - gels! Thou art
D. C. Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion, Be thy



FINE.



mor-tal lisp thy name? } ev' - ry crea-ture's theme: } Lord of ev' - ry land and
just and law - ful praise. FINE.



na - tion! An - cient of e - ter - nal days! D. C.



CHRIST.

1 MIGHTY GOD ! while angels bless thee,
 May a mortal lisp thy name ?
Lord of men, as well as angels !
 Thou art every creature's theme :
Lord of every land and nation !
 Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought :
For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
 Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of the Father's glory !
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die :

4 From the highest throne of glory
 To the cross of deepest wo,
Came to ransom guilty captives !
 Flow, my praise ! forever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour !
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
Thence return and reign forever ;
 Be the kingdom all thine own !

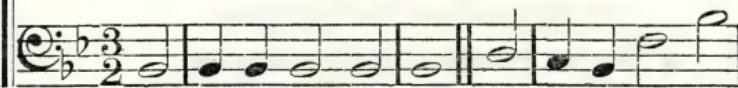
76 STATE STREET. S. M.



1. How hea - vy is the night That hangs up - on our



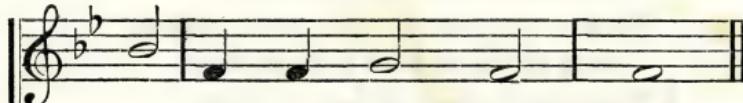
2. Our guil - ty spi - rigs dread To meet the wrath of



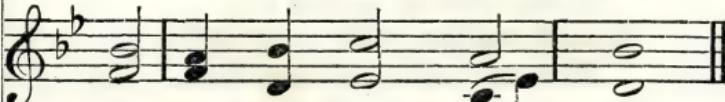
eyes, Till Christ, with his re - viv - ing light,



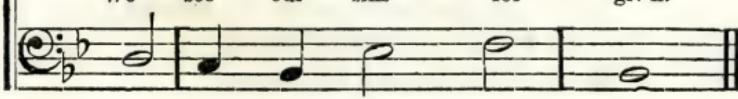
heav'n: But in his right - eous - ness ar - ray'd,



O - ver our souls a - - - rise!



We see our sins for - giv'n.



CHRIST

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord ! we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God ;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

77

Christ's Mediation. *S. M.*

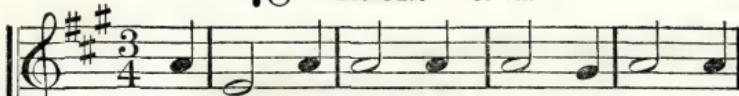
1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons, down
To rebels doomed to die.

3 Now, sinners ! dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

4 Lord ! we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

78 AVON. C. M.

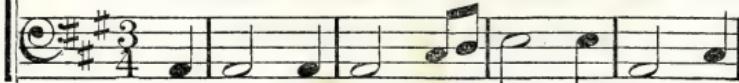


1. Now let our cheer - ful eyes sur - vey Our



2. Though raised to a su - pe - rior throne, Where

3. The names of all his saints he bears Deep



great High-Priest a - bove; And ce - le-brate his



an - gels bow a - round, And high o'er all the
gra - ven on his heart; Nor shall the mean-est



con - stant care, His sym - pa - the - tic love.



shin - ing train, With match - less ho - nors crowned;
Chris - tian say, That he has lost his part.



CHRIST.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

79

Christ the Reconciler. C. M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God !
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Allegretto.

80 BROWN. C. M.

1. The Sa - viour! Oh! what - end - less charms Dwell

in the bliss - ful sound! Its in - fluence ev' - ry

fear dis - arms, And spreads sweet peace a - round.

CHRIST.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.

3 Oh ! the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss a boundless store !
Dear Saviour ! let me call thee mine ;
 I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.



81

Christ's Excellency. C. M.

1 INFINITE loveliness is thine,
 Thou glorious Prince of grace !
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
 With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
 On thine exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
 And heaven can give no more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy,
 They find their life in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
 Through all eternity.

82

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Not too fast.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's

2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his

3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its

veins; And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood,

day; And there may I, though vile as he,
pow'r, Till all the ran - som'd church of God

Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.

CHRIST.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

83

Christ's Commission. C. M.

1 COME, happy souls! approach your God,
 With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
 That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
 To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus! were not armed
 With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ, on the kind errand, came,
 And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners! you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

84 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Slow.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish

2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our

3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear

al - tars slain, Could give the guil - ty con-science

sins a - way; A sa - cri - fice of no - bler

head of thine, While, like a pe - ni - tent, I

peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

name, And rich - er blood than they.

stand, And there con - fess my sin.

CHRIST.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

85

Union to Christ. S. M.

1 DEAR Saviour ! we are thine
By everlasting bonds ;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign ;
Our hearts are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh ! let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head ;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear ?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

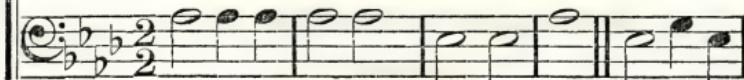
86 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Dolce e Piano.

1. When sins and fears pre - vail-ing rise, And faint-ing



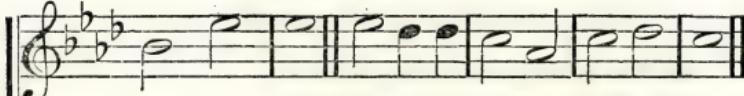
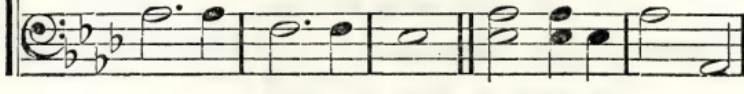
2. If my im - mor-tal Sa - viour lives, Then my im-



hope al - most ex - pires, Je - sus! to thee I



mor - tal life is sure; His word a firm foun-



lift mine eyes, To thee I breathe my soul's de - sires.



da - tion gives; Here let me build, and rest se - cure.



CHRIST.

3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands ;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

4 Here, O my soul ! thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

87

Communion with Christ. L. M.

1 OH ! that I could for ever dwell,
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat :

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss :
Oh ! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment, to compare with this ?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love ;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above :

4 When all I am, I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame ;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake ;
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

1. Hail, my ev - er blessed Je - sus! On - ly
To my soul thy name is pre - cious, Thou my
d. c. Love I much? I've much for - gi - ven, I'm a

FINE.

thee I wish to sing; } Oh, what mer - cy flows from
Pro - phet, Priest, and King : } mi - ra - cle of grace.
FINE.

D. C.

heav - en! Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness! D. C.

CHRIST.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way :
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness :
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir !
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above !
While, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love :
That blest moment I received him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !



89

Cleansing in Christ. C. M.

Tune.—AVON, No. 78.

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.

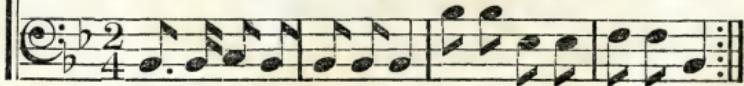
2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

90 SPANISH HYMN. 7s. Double.



1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul! Let me to thy bo-som fly, }
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; }



Hide me, O my Sa-viour! hide, } Safe in to the
Till the storm of life be past; }



ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last.



CHRIST.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

91

Hope in Christ. 7s.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
 Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
 Still for thee my powers employ.
Let thy love my heart inflame;
 Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
 Be thy smile my chief delight.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
 Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it "Christ for me to live!"
Firmly trusting in thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In
 2. It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And
 3. Je - sus! my shepherd, hus - band, friend, My

a be - liever's ear! It soothes his sor - rows,
 calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the prophet, priest, and king, My Lord, my life, my

heals his wounds And drives a - way his fear.
 hun - gry soul, And, to the wea - ry rest.
 way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

CHRIST.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

93

The Name Jesus. C. M.

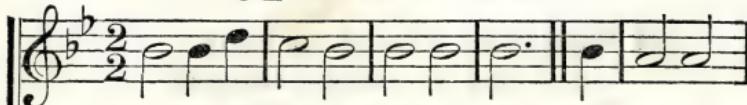
1 JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes,—thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

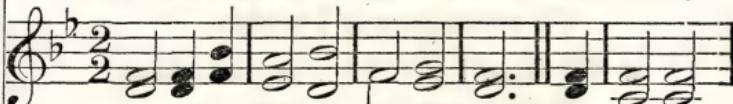
3 All my spacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The healing balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

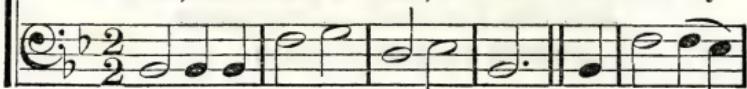
5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

94 *WARD. L. M.*

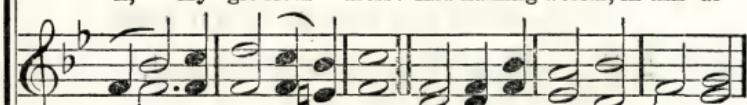
1. Je - sus! thy robe of right-eous-ness My beau-ty



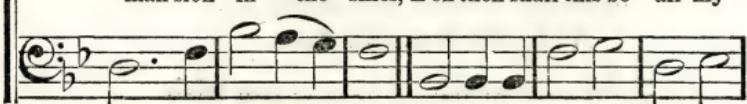
2. When, from the dust of death, I rise To claim my



is, my glo-rious dress: 'Mid flaming worlds, in this ar-



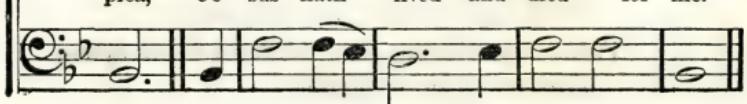
man-sion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my



rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.



plea, "Je - sus hath lived and died for me."



CHRIST.

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh! let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this—their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

95

Christ, the only Refuge. L. M.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

96 DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Be - hold! where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each
 2. To spread the rays of heav'n - ly light, To give the
 3. 'Mid keen re - proach and cru - el scorn, He, meek and

grace di - vine: The vir - tues, all in Je - sus
 mourn - er joy, To preach glad tid - ings to the
 pa - tient, stood, His foes un - grate - ful, sought his

Thus, *or thus.*

met, With mild - est ra-diance shine.
 poor, Was his di - vine em - ploy.
 life, Who la - bor'd for their good.

CHRIST.

4 When, in the hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh! may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

97

Love to Christ desired. C. M.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

98 ARIEL. C. P. M.

Slowly, and in exact Time.

1. Oh! could I speak the matchless worth, Oh! could I sound the glories
 2. I'd sing the char-a-c-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he
 forth, When in my Saviour shine; I'd soar and touch the
 wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne; In lof - tiest songs of
 heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel, while he sings, In
 sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er-last - ing days, Make
 notes al - most di - vine, In notes al-most di - vine.
 all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.

CHRIST.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home.
 And I shall see his face ;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

99

Completeness in Christ. C. P. M.

- 1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
 And worship at his feet ;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
 “ In him ye are complete ! ”
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
 And all perfections meet ;
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours ;
 “ In him ye are complete ! ”
- 3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
 His presence still entreat ;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,
 “ In him ye are complete ! ”
- 4 Nor fear to pass the vale of death ;
In his dear arms resign your breath,
 He'll make the passage sweet ;
The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing souls shall see
 “ In him ye are complete ! ”

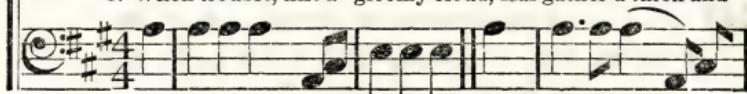
100 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



1. Awake, my soul! in joyful lays, And sing the great Re-



2. He saw me ru - in'd by the fall, Yet loved me not - with-
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and



deem-er's praise; He just-ly claims a song from me;



stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate;
thunder'd loud, He near my soul has al-ways stood;



His lov-ing kind-ness, Oh! how free! His loving kindness,



His lov-ing-kind-ness, Oh! how great! His loving-kindness,
His lov-ing-kind-ness, Oh! how good! His loving-kindness,



LOVING-KINDNESS.—Continued.



4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

101

Christ's Love. L. M.

Tune.—UXBRIDGE, No. 64.

1 I WAS a traitor doomed to die,
Bound to endure eternal pains ;
When Jesus saw me from on high,
Was moved by love, and broke my chains.

2 Did melting pity stoop so low,
The Lord of heaven pour out his blood,
To save our rebel-race from woe,
And be our Advocate with God ?

3 Infinite mercy ! boundless love !
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !
The Son of God, his grace to prove,
Hangs on a tree, and groans, and dies !

102 DUANE STREET. L. M.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my
 2. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb! Shalt take me to thee

:8:

hopes up - on; His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The
 D. S. Till late I heard my Sa-viour say, "Come
 as I am; My sin - ful self to thee I give, No -
 D. S. I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And

FINE.

nar - row way, till him I view. This is the way I
 hither, soul! I am the way."

thing but love shall I re - ceive. Then will I tell to
 say, "Be - hold the way to God."

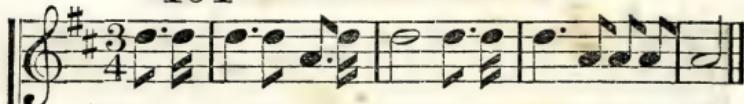
long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not.
sin-ners round, What a dear Sa-viour I have found;



103

Christ's Example. L. M.

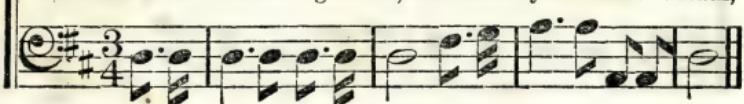
- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.



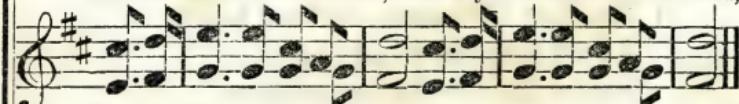
1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee;



2. Should my tears for ev-er flow, Should my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,



Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd,



This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a-lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne,



Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.



In my hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee.

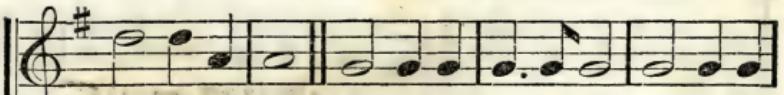
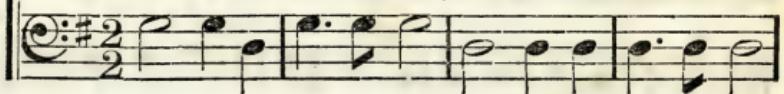




1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,



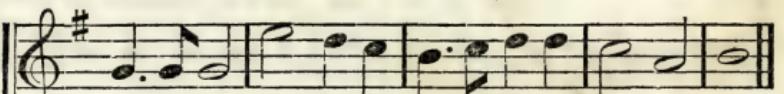
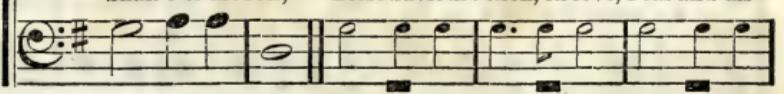
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream



Sa-viour di - vine! Now hear me, while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh! may my



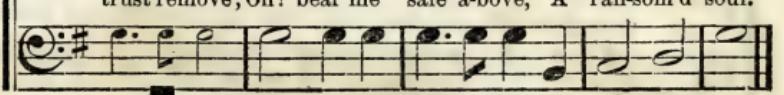
Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and dis-

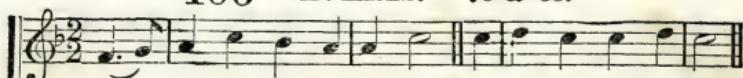


guilt a - way, Oh! let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
 love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.



tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 trust remove; Oh! bear me safe a-bove, A ran-som'd soul.

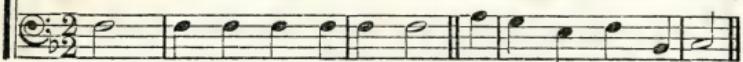


106 *EVARTS.* 7s & 6s.

1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spot-less Lamb of God;



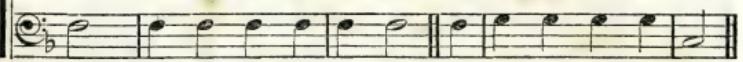
2. I lay my wants on Je-sus, All full-ness dwells in him,



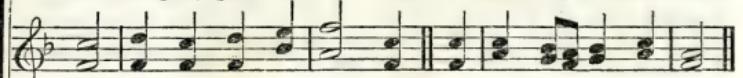
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-cu-red load.



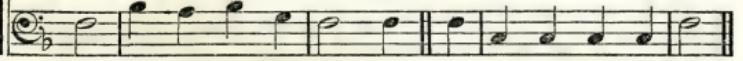
He heal-eth my dis-ea-ses, He doth my soul re-deem.



I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crimson stains



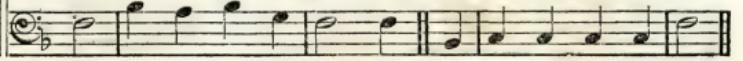
I lay my griefs on Je-sus, My bur-dens and my cares;



White, in his blood most precious, Till not a spot re-mains.



He from them all re-lea-ses, He all my sor-row shares.



CHRIST.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

107

Christ adored. 7s and 6s.

1 To THEE, my God and Saviour !
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings !
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well pleased the Lord shall hear :
Oh ! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode ;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee :
What could an angel more ?

108 *MILES. C. M.**Gently, but not too slow.*

1. To whom, my Sa - viour, shall I go, If

I de - part from thee? My guide through all this

vale of woe, And more than all to me.

CHRIST.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
 And pay thy death with scorn ;
 Oh ! they could plat thy crown again,
 And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
 Breathe gently through my heart,
 To whisper hope of joys above ;
 And can we ever part ?

4 Ah ! no, with thee I'll walk below,
 My journey to the grave :
 To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 When only thou canst save ?

109

Jesus in the Heart. C. M.

1 O JESUS ! King most wonderful !
 Thou Conqueror renowned !
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable !
 In whom all joys are found.

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine ;
 Then earthly vanities depart ;
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus ! light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire.

4 Thee may our tongues forever bless,
 Thee may we love alone,
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of thine own.

110 *VARINA. C. M. Double.**Not too fast.*

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Come un-to me and rest: }
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast. }



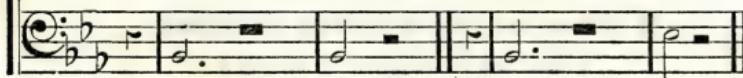
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Be-hold, I free-ly give }
The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live. }



I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad,



I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;



I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad.



My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.



CHRIST.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.

111

Rest in Jesus. 7s.

Tune.—NUREMBURG, No. 22.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home:
 Weary wanderer, hither come.

2 Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye, who tossed on beds of pain
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

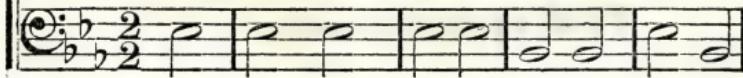
4 Hither come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

112 **ILLINOIS.** *L. M.*

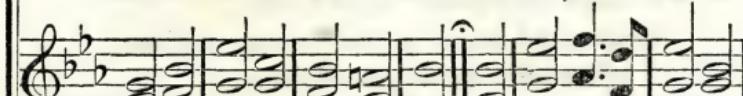
1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where



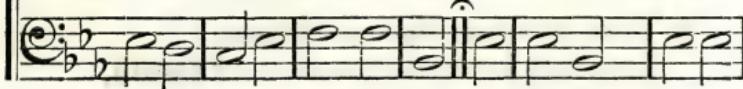
2. But can no sovereign balm be found? And



shall the sinner find a cure? In vain, a - las! is



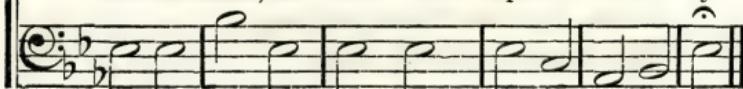
is no kind phy - si - cian nigh, To ease the pain, and



na-ture's aid; The work ex - ceeds her ut-most pow'r.



heal the wound, Ere life and hope for - ev - er fly?



3 There is a great physician near ;
 Look up, my fainting soul ! and live ;
 See,—in his heavenly smiles appear
 Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See,—in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow :
 'Tis only that dear sacred flood,
 Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

113

Not ashamed of Christ. L. M.

1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days ?

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 No ;—when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ?—yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe,—no good to crave,—
 No fears to quell,—no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
 And oh ! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

114 CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate
 fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 crown him, Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al

CORONATION.—Continued.



di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light !
Who formed this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall !
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Come, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him, Lord of all.

115 *THATCHER. S. M.*

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time, key of G major. The score consists of three staves. The first staff (Soprano) starts with a treble clef, a '3' for common time, and a '4' for G major. The lyrics 'A - wake and sing the song Of Mo - ses' are written below the notes. The second staff (Alto) starts with a bass clef, a '3' for common time, and a '4' for G major. The lyrics 'Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his' are written below the notes. The third staff (Bass) starts with a bass clef, a '3' for common time, and a '4' for G major. The lyrics 'dying love; Sing of his' are written below the notes. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. The lyrics are: "and the Lamb; Wake, ev' - ry heart and", "ris - ing pow'r; Sing—how he in - ter-", and the bottom part continues with the melody.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time. The key signature is one sharp. The soprano part begins with a melodic line: B, A, G, F, E, D, C, B. The alto part begins with a melodic line: B, A, G, F, E, D, C, B. The bass part begins with a melodic line: B, A, G, F, E, D, C, B. The lyrics are: "ev' - ry tongue! To praise the Sa - viour's name. cedes a - bove For those whose sins he bore." The music consists of three staves of musical notation with corresponding lyrics.

CHRIST.

3 Ye pilgrims ! on the road
To Zion's city, sing !
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children ! come !"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

116

Christ loved, although unseen. *S. M.*

1 Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth, we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord ! our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And, when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

117 JAY. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to

2. Breathe, oh! breathe thy loving Spir-it In - to ev' - ry

earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing,
D. S. Vis - it us with thy sal-va - tion,

troub - led breast; Let us all thy grace in-her - it,
D. S. End the work of thy be-gin - ning,
S:

FINE.

All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Je - sus! thou art
En - ter ev' - ry trem-bling heart.

Let us find thy promised rest: Take a-way the
Bring us to e - ter - nal day.

FINE.

D. S.

all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

love of sin - ning, Take our load of guilt a-way;

D. S.

CHRIST.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured by thee ;
Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

118

Christ a Friend. 8s and 7s.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly—free—and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood ?
But this Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
 What a friend we have above.

119 THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE. 12s.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"

For Adam's lost race, Christ hath open'd a fountain;

For sin and un - cleanness, and ev' - ry transgres-sion,
Chorus.—Hal - le-lu-jah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our pardon,

His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal - va - tion.
 We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass ov - er Jor - dan.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.—Continued.

His blood flows most free-ly, in streams of sal - va - tion.
We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass ov - er Jor - dan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded ! Oh ! flee to the Saviour ;
He calls you in mercy,—'tis infinite favor ;
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! he hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell thou art more than victorious ;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! he hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore ;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more ;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever !

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! he hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

120 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up -
 2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare A-
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, And
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And

on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glo - ries crown'd,
 mong the sons of men; Fair - er is he, than all the fair
 flew to my re - lief; For me he bore the shameful cross,
 all the joys I have; He makes me triumph o - ver death.

His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 Who fill the heav'ly train, Who fill the heav'ly train.
 And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
 And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

CHRIST.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord ! they should all be thine.

121

Christ's Compassion. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears ;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

122 THE SWEETEST NAME.

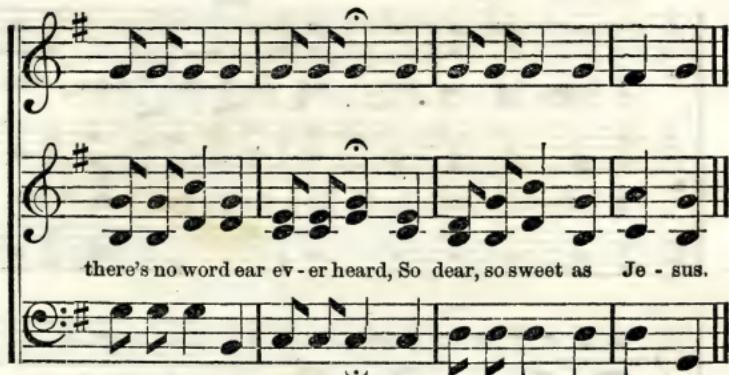
1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The

name be-fore his wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour giv-en.

Chorus.

We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed Jesus: For

THE SWEETEST NAME.—Continued.



The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, indicated by a sharp sign. The middle staff is also in G major. The bottom staff is in C major, indicated by a circle with a sharp sign. The lyrics "there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus." are written below the middle staff. The music is in common time, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they sealed him,
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

Chorus.—We love to sing around our king,
And hail him blessed Jesus, &c.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

Chorus.—We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus, &

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

Chorus.—We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus, &c.

Allegretto. 123 CONWAY. C. M.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With

2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To

an - gels round the throne, Ten thou - sand thou - sand

be ex - al - ted thus!" "Wor - thy the Lamb," our

are their tongues, Ten thou - sand thou - sand

lips re - ply, "Wor - thy the Lamb" our

are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us!"

CHRIST.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord! forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

124

Christ's Love celebrated. C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
 Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
 In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

125 *CROSS AND CROWN.* C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And

2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till

all the world go free? No, there's a cross for
death shall set me free, And then go home my

ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

CHRIST.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high ;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

5 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
O resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

126

Christ, the Spring of Joy. C. M.

1 FROM thee, my God ! my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

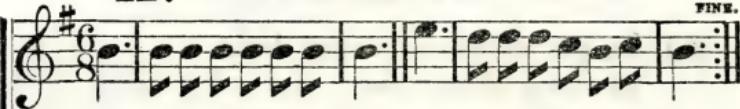
2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Blest Jesus ! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

127 *DE FLEURY.* 8s. Double.

FINE.



1. Ye angels! who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man-u-el's face, }
 In rapturous songs make him known, Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise }
 D. c. When others sunk down in de-spair, Con-firm'd by his pow- er, ye stood.

FINE.



He form'd you the spi - rits you are,



D. C.



So hap - py, so no - ble, so good;

D. C.



CHRIST.

1 YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune—tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercies repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I'm fettered and chained here in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I long to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I long—oh! I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder, and worship with you.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove! With

2. Look — how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In

all thy quick' - ning pow'rs, Kin - dle a flame of

of these tri - fling toys! Our souls can neith - er
vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish

sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove !
With all thy quickening powers :
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

129

The renewing Spirit. C. M.

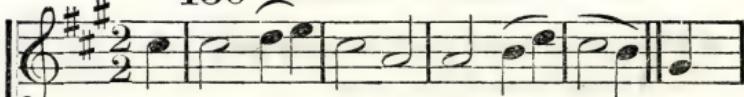
1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit ! thine,
To form the heart anew.

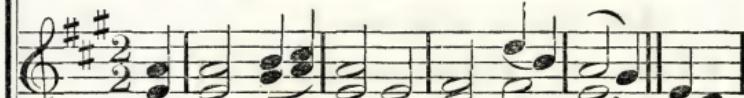
3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes ;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live ;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh ! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord ! be thine.

130 *WIMBORNE. L. M.*

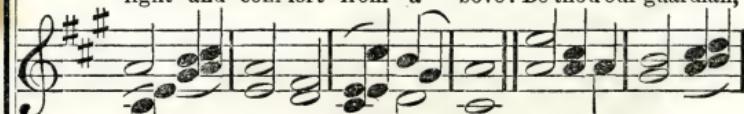
1. Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove! With



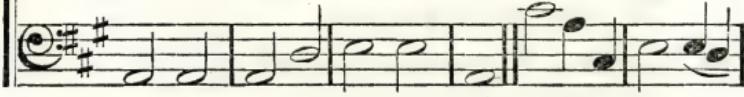
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And



light and com-fort from a - bove: Be thou our guardian,



make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in



thou our guide, O'er ev'-ry thought and step pre - side.



ev' - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.



HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blessed ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
And drink of life's clear river there.

131

The uplifting Spirit. L. M.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove !
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ;

2 Beyond—beyond this lower sky
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh ! for a sight, a blissful sight.
Of our almighty Father's throne !
There sits the Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 Oh ! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King !

132 MARLOW. C. M.

1. Enthron-ed on high, al - migh-ty Lord! The

2. Though, on our heads, no tongues of fire Their

Ho - ly Ghost send down: Ful - fill in us thy

won-drous pow'rs im - part, Grant, Saviour! what we

faith-ful word, And all thy mer - cies crown.

more de - sire, Thy Spi - rit in our heart.

HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love!

Thy heavenly influence give;

Quicken our souls, born from above,

In Christ, that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal

The glories of his grace,

And bring us, where no clouds conceal

The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,

Life's ever-springing well,

Till God in us, and we in God,

In love eternal dwell.



133

The Spirit sought. C. M.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift!

Behold, thy servants wait;

With longing eyes, and lifted hands,

We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,

Thy Spirit from above,

To cheer our eyes with sacred light,

And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy!

Declare our sins forgiven,

And bear, with energy divine,

Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God! thy copious showers,

That earth its fruit may yield,

And change the barren wilderness,

To Carmel's flowery field.

1. O thou that hear - est pray'r! At - tend our hum-ble

2. If earth-ly pa-rents hear Their children when they

cry; And let thy ser-vants share Thy bless-ing from on

cry; If, they, with love sin - cere, Their va-ried wants sup-

high! We plead the pro-mise of thy word;

ply; Much more wilt thou thy love dis - play,

HADDAM.—Continued.

Grant us thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord!
And an - swer when thy chil - dren pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father, thou;
 We, children of thy grace ;
Oh! let thy Spirit now
 Descend, and fill the place :
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

135

Prayer to the Spirit. *S. M.*

Tune—GOLDEN HILL, No. 84.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
 Let rays of heavenly love,
Amid our gloom and darkness, shine,
 To guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
 From every sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath,
 Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.

136 *LOUVAN. L. M.*

1. E - ter - nal Spi - rit! we con - fess, And sing the

2. En - light - en'd by thy heav'n - ly ray, Our shades and

3. Thy pow'r and glo - ry work with - in, And break the

won - ders of thy grace; Thy pow'r con - veys our

dark - ness turn to day; Thine in - ward teach - ings

chains of reign - ing sin; Do our im - pe - ri - ous

bless - ings down, From God the Fa - ther, and the Son.

make us know Our dan - ger and our re - fuge too.

lusts sub - due, And form our wretched hearts a - new.

HOLY SPIRIT.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

137

Prayer for Faith. L. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

138

Prayer for Comfort. 8s & 7s.

Tune.—WILMOT, No. 215.

1 HOLY GHOST! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness!
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation!
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

139 TELLEMANN. 7s.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up -

on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of

night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

HOLY SPIRIT.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone.



140

Prayer for Life. 7s.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

141 **BOARDMAN.** C. M.

3/4 time, key of G major. The music consists of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Not all the out-ward forms on earth, Nor rites that

3/4 time, key of G major. The music consists of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

God has given, Nor will of man, nor

3/4 time, key of G major. The music consists of two staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

HOLY SPIRIT.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh ;
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise,
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

142

Sealing. C. M.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter ! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove !
Will safe convey me home,

143 *SEASONS.* L. M.

1. Sure, the blest Com-for - ter is nigh; 'Tis he sus-

tains my faint - ing heart; Else would my hope for

ev - er die, And ev' - ry cheer-ing ray de-part.

HOLY SPIRIT.

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

144

The Spirit Entreated. L. M.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit! stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, on! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God! release,
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

145 *ENDOR. 7s & 6s.*

1. Sa - viour, I thy word be-lieve, My un - be-lief re - move;



2. Bless-ed Comfor-ter, come down, And live and move in me;



Now thy quick'ning Spirit give, The unction from a - bove:



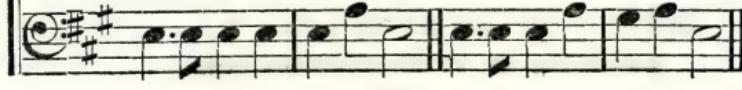
Make my ev'-ry deed thine own, In all things led by thee :



Show me, Lord, how good thou art; Now thy gracious word fulfill;



Bid my sin and fear de - part, And within oh deign to dwell :



ENDOR.—Continued.

Send the wit-ness in my heart, The Ho-ly Ghost re - veal.
Faithful Witness, in my heart Thy perfect light re - veal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me ;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee :
Make me choose the better part ;
Oh ! do thou my pardon seal ;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal,

146

The Spirit's Baptism. C. M.

Tune.—BROWN. No. 80.

1 OH ! that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

2 Oh ! that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;
Spirit of burning, come.

3 Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

147 EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

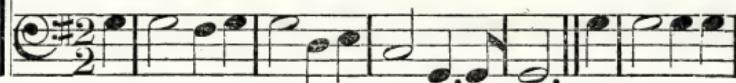


1. Oh! turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great



2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay, Your hearts may grow

3. Now Je-sus is rea-dy your souls to re-ceive, Oh! how can you



mer-cy is com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the



bet-ter by stay-ing a-way; Come wretched, come guilty, come

question if you will be-lieve? If sin be your burden, why



Spi - rit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.



just as you are; All help-less and dy-ing to Je-sus re-pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you he makes welcome; he bids you come home.



148

Delay not. 11s.

1 **DELAY** not, delay not, O sinner—draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

149

The Way to Peace. 11s.

1 **ACQUAINT** thee, O sinner, acquaint thee, with God,
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,
And peace like the dew-drop shall fall on thy head,
And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.

2 **Acquaint** thee, O sinner, acquaint thee, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

150 WELLS. L. M.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The
2. Life is the hour that God has given, To

time to 'nsure the great re - ward; And, while the lamp holds
'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and

out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.
mor - tals may Se - cure the bless - ings of the day.

A WAKENING.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands ! with all your might pursue ;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.



151

The Day of Grace. L. M.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given :
But soon,—ah ! soon,—approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners ! haste, oh ! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

152 AYLESBURY. S. M.

1. To - mor-row, Lord! is thine, Lodged in thy sov'-reign
 2. The pre-sent mo-ment flies, And bears our life a-
 3. Since, on this fleet-ing hour, E - ter - ni - ty is

hand; And, if its sun a -rise and shine,
 way; Oh! make thy ser - vants tru - ly wise,
 hung, A - wak-en, by thy migh - ty power,

It shines by thy com - mand.
 That they may live to the - day.
 The a - ged and the young.

AWAKENING.

4 One thing demands our care ;
 Be that one thing pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
 In sudden, endless night.

153

Man Condemned. S. M.

1 Ah ! how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God ?
If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
 With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
 A just excuse devise ?

3 All-seeing, powerful God !
 Who can with thee contend ?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end ?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake ;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
 Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah ! how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God ?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

154 **FOREST.** *L. M.*

1. Say, sin - ner! hath a voice with - in Oft
 2. Sin - ner! it was a heav'n - ly voice, It

whisper'd to thy se - cret soul, Urg'd thee to leave the
 was the Spi - rit's gracious call; It bade thee make the

ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?
 bet - ter choice, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

AWAKENING.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
 Regard, in time, the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man ;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner ! perhaps, this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be :
Oh ! should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.



155

Life and Death. *L. M.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord ! let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

156 *MERIBAH. C. P. M.*

1. Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, Be-

2. O God! my in - most soul con - vert, And

tween two boundless seas I stand, Yet how in - sen - si -

deep - ly on my thoughtless heart, E - ter - nal things im -

ble! A point of time, a mo - ment's space, Re -

press; Give me to feel their so - lemn weight, And

moves me to yon heav'n-ly place, Or, shuts me up in hell!

save me, ere it be too late; Wake me to right - eous-ness.

AWAKENING.

- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord ! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom !
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure ?
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure !

157

The Great Question. C. P. M.

- 1 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone ;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne !
- 2 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !
How make mine own election sure ;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.
- 3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness !
Ah ! write the pardon on my heart ;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

158 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Haste, O sin - ner! to be wise, Stay not for the

mor-row's sun; Wis-dom warns thee, from the skies,

All the paths of death to shun.

AWAKENING.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner ! now return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Death may thy poor soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.



159

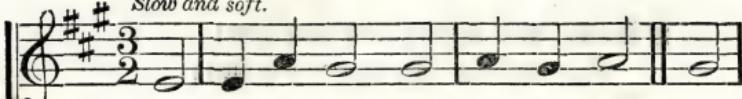
The Sinner Warned. 7s.

1 SINNER ! art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day ?

2 See,—his mighty arm is bared ;
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgments stand prepared ;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax :
What will then become of thee ?

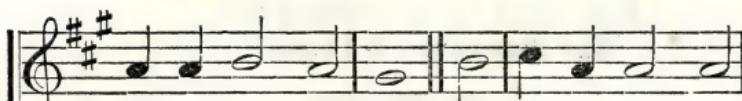
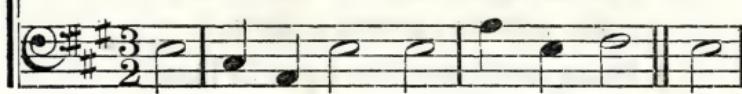
4 Who his coming may abide ?
You that glory in your shame !
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame ?

160 *AZMON. C. M.**Slow and soft.*

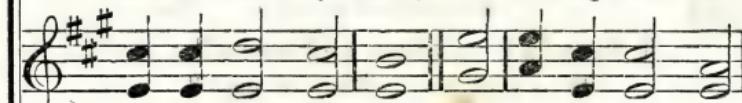
1. The Sa-viour calls; let ev' - ry ear At-



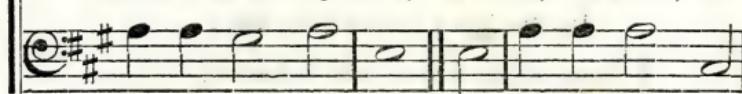
2. For ev' ry thirs - ty, long-ing heart, Here



tend the heav'n - ly sound; Ye doubt-ing souls! dis-



streams of boun - ty flow, And life, and health, and



miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.



bliss im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.



INVITING.

3 Ye sinners ! come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;

 The gracious call obey ;

Mercy invites to heavenly joys,

 And can you yet delay ?

4 Dear Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts ;

 To thee let sinners fly ,

And take the bliss thy love imparts ,

 And drink, and never die .



161

The Gospel Invitation. C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor !

 Behold a royal feast ,

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store

 For every humble guest .

2 Here Jesus stands with open arms ;

 He calls, he bids you, come :

Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;

 But see ! there yet is room :

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;

 There love and pity meet ;

Nor will he bid the soul depart ,

 That trembles at his feet .

4 Oh ! come, and with his children, taste

 The blessings of his love ;

While hope attends the sweet repast

 Of nobler joys above .

5 There, with united heart and voice ,

 Before th' eternal throne ,

Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice ,

 In songs on earth unknown .

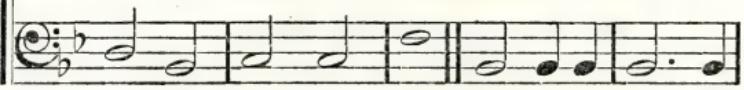
162 WELTON. L. M.



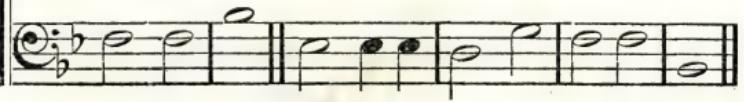
1. "Come hither, all ye wea - ry souls! Ye hea-vy-



lad - en sin - ners! come; I'll give you rest from



all your toils, And raise you to my heav'n-ly home.



INVITING.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me,
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus! we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.



163

Rest for the Weary. L. M.

1 COME, weary souls! with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here, mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, with trembling;—yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

164 HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

1. Let ev' - ry mor-tal ear at - tend, And

2. Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, That

3. E - ter - nal wis - dom has pre-pared A

ev' - ry heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the

feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive, with

soul re - vi - ving feast, And bids your long-ing

gos - pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting voice.

earth - ly toys, To fill th' im - mor-tal mind.

ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.

INVITING.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die !
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord ! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

165

The Living Fountain. C. M.

1 OH ! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound !

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living waters flows,
And heavenly joys imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls ! your wants disclose,
And drink, with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

1. The Spirit in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, Sin - ner,

come; The bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims,

To all his chil - dren, Come.

I N V I T I N G .

2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, Come ;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
 To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh ! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, I quickly come :
Lord, even so ! we wait thy hour ;
 O blest Redeemer, come !

167

The Sinner Called. S. M.

1 RETURN and come to God ;
 Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
 Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come ;
 For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come ;
 'Tis God vouchsafes to call ;
And fearful will their end be found,
 On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come then, whoever will,
 Come while 'tis called to-day ;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
 Repent, believe, obey.

168 *INVITATION.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Come, ye sin - ners! hea - vy - la - den, Lost and
 If you wait till you are bet - ter, You will
 D. C. Sin - ners on - ly, sin - ners on - ly, Christ, the

2. Let no sense of guilt pre - vent you, Nor of
 All the fit - ness he re - quir-eth Is to
 D. C. This he gives you; this he gives you; 'Tis the

FINE. *f*

ruin - ed by the fall, }
 ne - ver come at all: } Sin - ners on - ly,
 Sa - viour, came to call. }

fit - ness fond-ly dream;) }
 feel your need of him: } This he gives you;
 Spi - rit's ri - sing beam; }

D. C.

sin - ners - on - ly, Christ, the Sa - viour, came to call.

this he gives you; 'Tis the Spi - rit's ri - sing beam.
 D. C.

INVITING.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him,
 There he groans, and bleeds, and dies :
 " It is finished,"
 Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him,—venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

169

Glad Tidings. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SINNERS ! will you scorn the message
 Coming from the courts above ?
Mercy speaks in every passage ;
 Every line is full of love ;
 Oh ! believe it,
 Every line is full of love.

2 Now, the heralds of salvation
 Joyful news from heaven proclaim ;
Sinners freed from condemnation,
 Through the all-aton ing Lamb !
 Life receiving,
 Through the all-aton ing Lamb.

3 O ye angels ! hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits ! speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay,
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

170 IOWA. S. M.



1. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time, Now



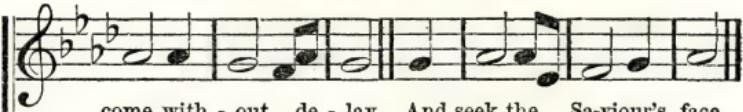
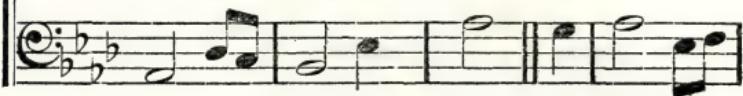
2. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time, The



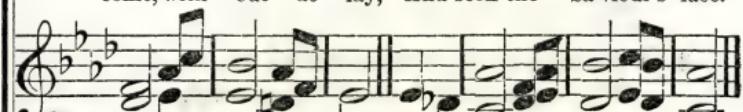
is the day of grace; O sin - ners!



Sa - viour calls to - day; To - mor - row



come, with - out de - lay, And seek the Sa-viour's face.



it may be too late; Then why should you de - lay.



INVITING.

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way,
To bear the news above.



171

Children Exhorted. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

Tune.—INVITATION, No. 168.

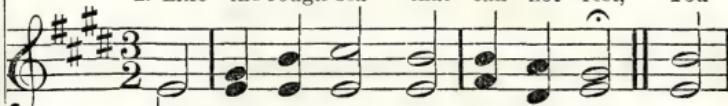
1 CHILDREN! hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
 Oh! receive him,
 And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
 Seek his favor,
 And your hearts to him unite.

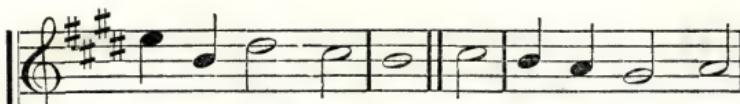
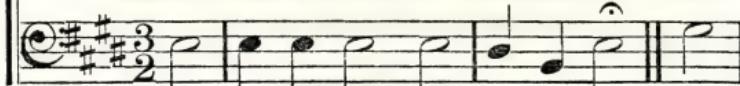
3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
 He is waiting,
 Will you not his grace receive?



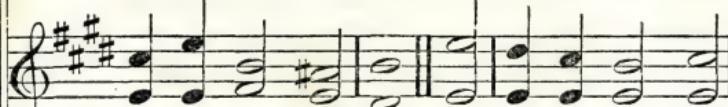
1. Sin - ners! the voice of God re - gard; 'Tis
2. Like the rough sea that can - not rest, You



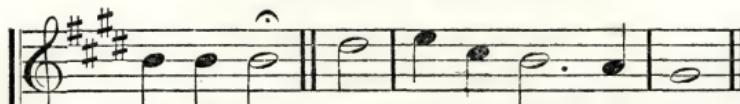
3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell; And
4. Lo! he, who turns to God, shall live, Through



Mer - cy speaks to - day; He calls you by his
live de - void of peace: A thousand stings, with-



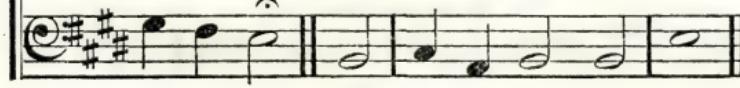
will you on - ward go? Can you in end - less
his a - bound - ing grace; His mer - cy will the



sov'reign word, From sin's de - struc - tive way.
in your breast, De - prive your souls of ease.



burnings dwell, Or bear e - ter - nal wo?
guilt for - give Of those who seek his face.



INVITING.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

173

Pardon in Christ. C. M.

1 How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin—how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word :
“ Ho ! ye despairing sinners ! come,
And trust upon the Lord.”

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord !
Oh ! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God ! I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

174 MARTYN. 7s. Double.

1. Sin - ners! turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er,
 God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him -
 D. C. Why, ye thank-less crea-tures! why, Will ye cross his

FINE.

asks you — Why?} He the fa - tal cause de -
 self to live, love, and die? FINE.

D. C.

mands, Asks the work of his own hands, D. C.

INVITING.

2 Sinners! turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live:
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners! why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
Many a time with you he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye guilty sinners! why,
Why will ye forever die?

175

The Young Exhorter. C. M.

Tune.—HEBER, No. 128.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm!
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you:
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul, that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain,
And they, who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

176 *SHOEL. L. M.*

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gent-ly

2. Oh! love-ly at - ti - tude—he stands With melt-ing

knocks, has knock'd before; Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing

heart and load-ed hands: Oh! match-less kindness, and he

still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

shows This match-less kind - ness to his foes.

INVITING.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

177

The Sinner Entreated. L. M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer! now return,
And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! now return,
He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He hears thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer! now return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer! now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

178 *PROPONTIS.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. Ye! who in his courts are found, List'ning to the joyful sound,

Lost and helpless as ye are, Sons of sor - row, sin, and care,

Glo-ri - fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gospel brings.

INVITING.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice ;
See, in him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven ;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

179

Life at the Cross. 7s. 6 lines.

1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his ;
Sink into the purple flood ;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Oh believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given ;
Ye may now be happy, too,
Find on earth the life of heaven,
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

180

Come and Welcome. 7s. 6 lines.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !
“Love’s redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come !

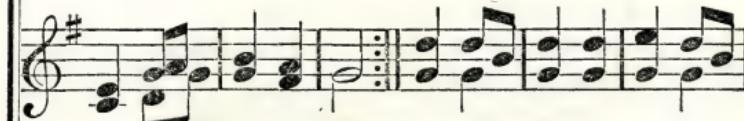
2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come !”

181 *PLEADING SAVIOUR.* 8s & 7s.

1. Now the Sa - viour stand - eth plead-ing At the
Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ced - ing, Tak - ing
D. C. Once he died through your be - hav - ior, Now he



FINE.



sin - ner's bolt - ed heart; } 2. Sin-ner! can you hate this
there the sin - ner's part: } calls you by his charms.



D. C.

Sa - viour? Will you thrust him from your arms?



D. C.

INVITING.

3 Sinner ! hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
Oh ! repent, return, and pray !

4 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee :
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

182

The World Unsatisfying. 8s & 7s.

1 TELL us, wanderer ! wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
When will thy delusion cease ?

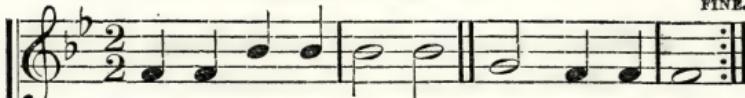
2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
We could kneel at pleasure's shrine ;
Then our brightest hopes were bounded,
By delights as false as thine.

3 But those visions never blessed us,
Soon their fleeting day was o'er ;
Then the world, that had caressed us,
Charmed us with its smiles no more.

4 Such is pleasure's transient story ;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory,
In the Saviour's love alone.

183 *AVA.*

FINE.



1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may, }
 Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day; }
 D. c. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

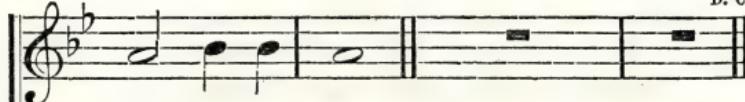


2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? }
 Come while thou canst bor - row Help from on high; }
 D. c. Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

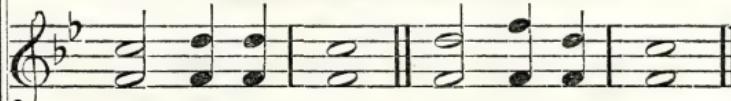
FINE.



D. C.

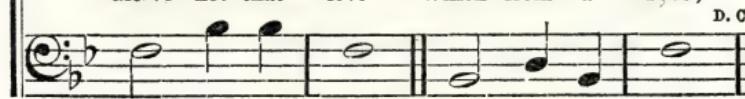


Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room;



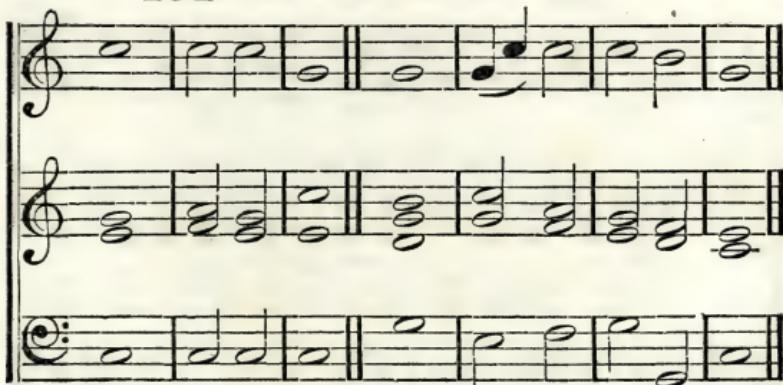
Grieve not that love Which from a - bove;

D. C.



3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

184 "COME TO ME." (Chant.)



1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea ;
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee ;
 Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy, and | see ;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters | Come to | me.

4 Come, for all else must fall and die,
 Earth is no resting | place for | thee ;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.

5 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
 In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above !
 And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

185 CHILDREN CALLED.

1. Like mist on the mountain, Like ships on the sea,
So swift-ly the years Of our pil-grim-age flee,

In the grave of our fathers How soon we shall

lie! Dear children, to - day To the Sa - viour fly.

INVITING.

1 LIKE mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee ;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie !
Dear children, to-day
To the Saviour fly.

2 How sweet are the flow'rets
In April and May !
But often the frost
Makes them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade ;
Are you ready to die ?
While " yet there is room, "
To the Saviour fly.

3 When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord ;
He slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word ;
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh :
Oh seek him in youth—
To the Saviour fly.

4 Do you ask me for pleasure ?
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
" If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die."

186 *COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.* 11s & 10s.*Solo, Duet, or Trio.*

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! where'er ye lan-guish,
 2. Joy of the de-so-late, light of the stray-ing,
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing,

Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel:
 Hope of the pe-ni-tent, fade-less and pure!
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove:

1st time Duet, 2d time Chorus.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish;
 Here speaks the Com-for-ter, ten-der-ly say-ing,
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er know-ing,

Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
 Earth has no sor-row, but heav'n can re-move.

187 *COME TO JESUS.*

1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just
 2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just

now; Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
 now; Just now he will save you, He will save you just now.

3 O believe him, O believe him,
 O believe him, just now,
 Just now, O believe him,
 O believe him, just now.

4 He is able, &c.	9 He'll renew you, &c.
5 He is willing, &c.	10 Jesus loves you, &c.
6 He'll receive you, &c.	11 Don't reject him, &c.
7 He'll forgive you, &c.	12 Only trust him, &c.
8 He will cleanse you, &c.	13 You will praise him, &c.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed? And
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head, For
d. c. Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And

2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He
A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And

FINE. *Chorus.*

did my Sovereign die? } Re - mem-ber me, Re -
such a worm as I? } then re - mem - ber me.

groan'd up - on the tree? } CHORUS.
love be - yond de - gree.

D. C.

mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;

D. C.

PENITENTIAL.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord! I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

189

Contrition. C. M.

Tune.—AZMON, No. 160.

1 O THOU! whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh:
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Slow. 190 **PENITENT.** L. M.



1. Show pi-ty, Lord! O Lord! for-give; Let a re-pen-ting



2. Oh! wash my soul from ev'-ry sin, And make my guil-ty



re-bel live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free?



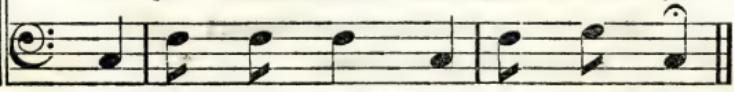
conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur-den lies,



May not a sin-ner trust in thee?



And past of-fen-ces pain mine eyes.



PENITENTIAL.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord ! should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death,
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

191

Supplication. L. M.

1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry !
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God ! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord !
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

192 MOUNT CALVARY. 7s. 6 lines.

Tenderly.

1. Heart of stone! re - lent, re - lent, Break by Je - sus'
 2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed, Driven the nails that

cross sub - dued; See his bo - dy, man-gled, rent,
 fix'd him there, Crown'd with thorns his sa - cred head,

Co - ver'd with a gore of blood! Sin - ful soul! what
 Pierced him with the blood - y spear, Made his soul a

MOUNT CALVARY.—Continued.

hast thou done? Cru - ci - fied God's on - ly Son!
sa - cri - fice, While for sin - ful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part.
Break, oh! break, my bleeding heart!

193

Looking unto Jesus. 7s. 6 lines.

1 WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne,
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

194 CADDO. C. M.

Allegretto—Cheerful.

1. Approach, my soul! the mer - cy - seat, Where

2. Thy pro - mise is my on - ly plea, With

3. Bow'd down be - neath a load of sin, By

Je - sus an - swers prayer; There hum - bly fall be-

this I ven - ture nigh: Thou call - est burdened

Sa - tan sore - ly press'd, By wars with - out and

fore his feet, For none can pe - rish there.

souls to thee, And such, O Lord! am I.
fears with - in, I come to thee for rest.

PENITENTIAL.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—"Thou hast died."

5 Oh! wondrous love,—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

195

The Sinner's Friend. C. M.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

196 HORTON. 7s.

Gently.

1. Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all! Pros-trate at thy
 feet I fall; Hear, oh! hear my earn - est
 cry, Frown not, lest I faint and die.

PENITENTIAL.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been ;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy righteous dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thine angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound :
Soothe, oh ! soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

197

Mercy Implored. 7s.

1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have long withheld his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hear his gracious calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands :
God is love ! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

4 Lord, incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

198 BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love! Oh! hear an
 hum - ble suppliant's cry; Bend from thy loft - y seat a - bove,
 Thy throne of glo - ri - ous majesty; Oh! deign to hear my
 mournful voice, And bid my droop - ing heart re - joice.

PENITENTIAL.

2 I urge no merit of my own,
 No worth to claim thy gracious smile :
No,—when I come before thy throne
 Dare to converse with God a while,
Thy name, blest Jesus! is my plea,
 Dearest and sweetest name to me.

3 Father of mercies, God of love !
 Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty ;
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
 And soothe the anguish of my soul.

199 *Backslider's Return.* *L. M. 6 lines*

1 Weary of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod ;
 To him with penitence, I mourn :
I have an Advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus ! full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Open thine arms and take me in ;
Oh ! freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the dying sinner still.

3 Ah ! give me, Lord ! the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart,
 Implant and root it deep within ;
That I may fear thy gracious power,
 And never dare t' offend thee more.

200 *VESPER. S. M.*

1. Ah! whith - er should I go, Bar-

den'd, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my

trou - bles show, And pour out my com - plaint?

PENITENTIAL.

2 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ;
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?

4 Some curséd thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see ;
 And let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from thee.

201

Weeping with Christ. S. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The angels wondering see ;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul !
 He shed those tears for thee.

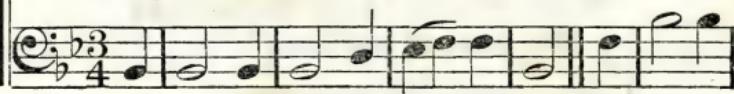
3 He wept, that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

202 *DESIRE.* L. M.

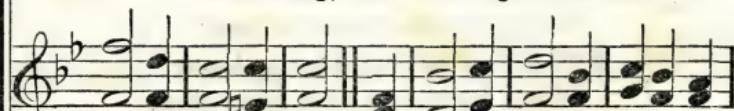
1. A brok - en heart, my God! my King! Is all the



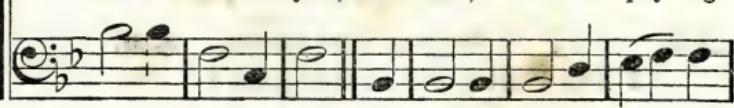
2. My soul lies hum-bled in the dust, And owns thy



sa - cri - fice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er des-



dreadful sentence just; Look down, O Lord! with pity - ing



pise A bro - ken heart for sa . cri - fice.



eye, And save a soul con-demned to die.



PENITENTIAL.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise the pard'ning God.

4 Oh ! may thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

203

Returning to Christ. C. M.

Tune.—AVON, No. 78.

1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord ! and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
Oh ! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love ?

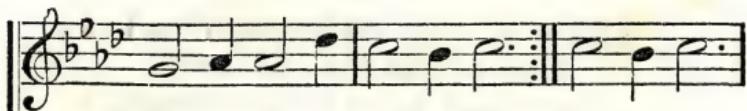
4 Almighty grace ! thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine !
That can, to life and bliss, restore
A heart so vile as mine !

5 Thy pard'ning love—so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour ! I adore ;
Oh ! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

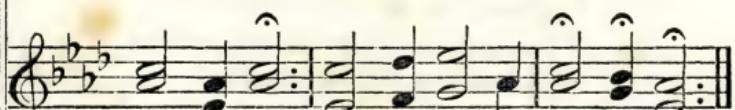
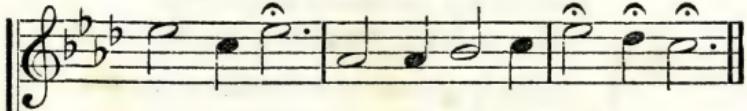
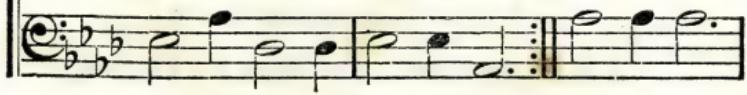
204 "EVEN ME."



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ings,
Show'r's the thirs - ty land re - fresh - ing,



Thou art scatt'ring full and free. }
Let some droppings fall on me. } E - ven me,



E - ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.



PENITENTIAL.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me :
Even me, Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee ;
I am longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me :
Even me, Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me :
Even me, Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
O, forgive and rescue me !
Even me, Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless ;
Magnify it all in me :
Even me, Even me.

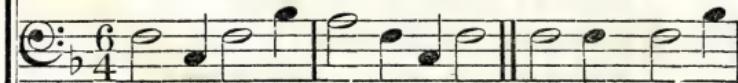
7 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me :
Even me, Even me.

205 *BARTIMEUS.* 8s & 7s.

1. "Mer-cy, O thou Son of Da-vid!" Thus blind Bar-ti-



2. Ma-ny for his cry-ing chid him, But he call'd the



me-us pray'd; "Oth-ers by thy word are sav-ed,

loud-er still; Till the gra-cious Sa-viour bid him,



Now to me af-ford thine aid."



"Come, and ask me what you will."

CONVERSION.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day:"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
'Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!'

6 "Oh that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

206

Turning to Jesus. C. M.

Tune.—HEBER, No. 128.

1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide,
I give it all to thee.

207 WOODWORTH. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my

blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to
soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each

thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

CONVERSION.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !



208

Yielding to Jesus. *S. M.*

Tune.—Iowa, No. 170.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive ?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror !

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take,
And seal me ever thine !

209 *GANGES.* C. P. M.

1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And



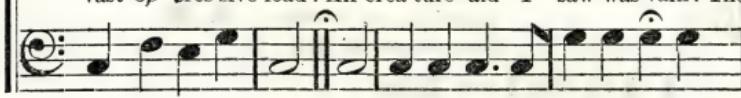
2. I heard the law its thunders roll, While guilt lay heavy on my soul, A



knew not where to go: One solemn truth increased my pain, The



vast op - pres - sive load: All crea - ture - aid I saw was vain! The



sin - ner "must be born a - gain," Or sink to end - less wo.



sin - ner "must be born a - gain," Or drink the wrath of God.



CONVERSION.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
To bring salvation near :
Yet still I found this truth remain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But, while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove :
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

210

Choosing God's Service. 7s.

Tune.—MARTYN, No. 174.

1 PEOPLE of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found ;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
Oh ! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave :
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

211 FOLLOWING JESUS. 8s & 7s.

1. Je - sus! I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and

2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my

fol - low thee; Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en,

D. S. Yet howrich is my con - di - tion,

Sa - viour, too? Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me:

D. S. Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me;

FINE.

Thou, from hence, my all shalt be; Per - ish ev' - ry
God and heaven are still my own!

Thou art not like them un-true: Oh! while thou dost
Show thy face, and all is bright.

FOLLOWING JESUS.—Continued.

A musical score for three voices. The top line is in G major, the middle line is in G major, and the bottom line is in C major. The lyrics are as follows:

fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known!
smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might!
D. S.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure!
With thy favor, life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

212

Renouncing the World. **H. M.**

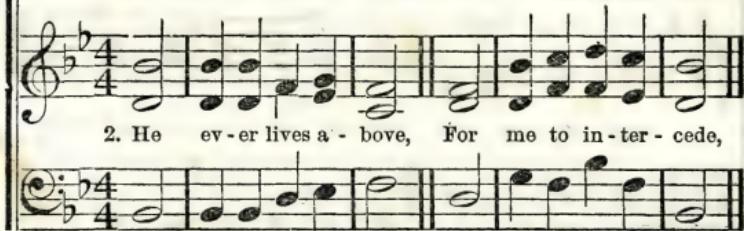
Tune.—LENOX, No. 213.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell;
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherished joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears!

213 *LENOX. H. M.*

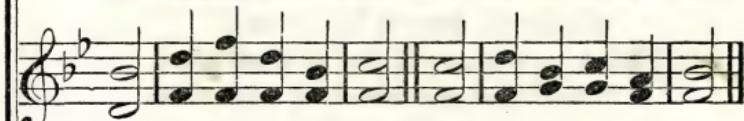
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil-ty fears;



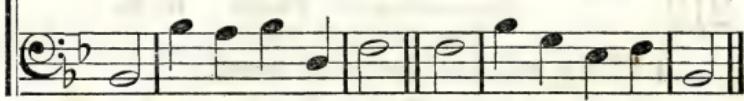
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede,



The bleed-ing sa - cri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:



His all - re - deem-ing love, His pre-cious blood to plead;



Be - fore the throne my surety stands; Be - fore the throne my



His blood a-toned for all our race, His blood a-toned for

LENOX.—Continued.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, and the third an alto clef. The music is in common time, indicated by a 'C' at the beginning of the first staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first line of lyrics, 'sure-ty stands; My name is writ-ten on his hands.', corresponds to the first staff. The second line, 'all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.', corresponds to the second staff. The third line, which is not explicitly aligned with a staff, is '3 My God is reconciled ;'.

3 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

214

Surrendering the Heart. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune.—INVITATION, No. 168.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer !
Welcome to this heart of mine ;
Lord ! I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine ;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear ;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near :
Shout, O Zion !
Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.

215 *WILMOT. 8s & 7s.**Maestoso.*

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the
2. Here I'll sit, for - ev - er viewing Mer - cy streaming

cross I spend! Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing,
in his blood; Precious drops! my soul be - dew - ing,

From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
Plead and claim my peace with God.

CONVERSION.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze ;
Love I much ?—I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Lord ! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
Till I taste thy whole salvation,
Where, unveiled, thy glories shine.

216

Joy over the Penitent. C. M.
Tune.—AZMON, No. 160.

1 OH ! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns !

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs, their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well-pleased, the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire :
“ The sinner lost is found ! ”—they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

217 *ERNAN.* L. M.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way, A-way, ye
 tempt - ers of the mind! False as the smooth, de-
 ceit - ful sea, And emp-ty as the whist-ling wind.

CONVERSION.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair:
And, while I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord ! I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss ;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above,
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

218

Joy in Heaven. L. M.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,—
 To see an heir of glory born ?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he formed anew,
And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

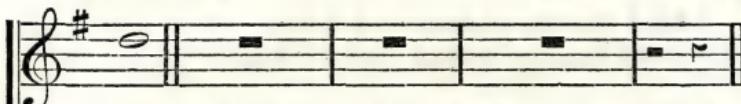
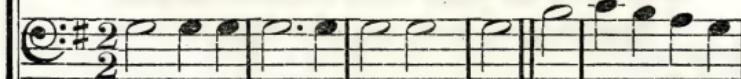
219 NICHOLS. C. M.

Allegro.

1. Sing all ye ran-som'd of the Lord! Your great De-liv'r'er



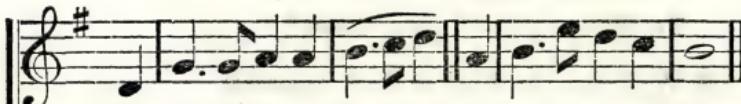
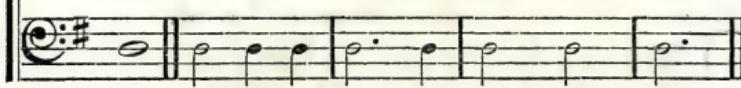
2. See the fair way his hand hath made; How peaceful and how



sing: Ye pil-grims! now, for Zi - on bound,



plain! The sim-plest trav'-ler need not err,



Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.



Nor seek the path in vain, Nor seek the path in vain.



CONVERSION.

3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

4 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

5 March on, in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
With joyful hope, still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

220

Forgiveness of Sins. S. M.

Tune.—FERGUSON, No. 20.

1 OH ! blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er ;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound ;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

221 AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

1. God of my sal - va - tion, hear, And help me to be - lieve;

2. No good word, or work, or thought, I bring to gain thy grace;

Now to thee do I draw near, Thy blessing to re - ceive:

Par-don I ac - cept un-bought; Thy proffer I em - brace:

Full of sin, a - las, I am, But to thee for re - fuge flee;

Nee - dy, guil - ty, vile I am, Yet I know thy love is free;

Friend of sin - ners, spot-less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

Friend of sin - ners, spot-less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

CONVERSION.

3 Saviour, from thy wounded side
 I never will depart ;
At thy cross will I abide,
 With humble, trusting heart :
When my place above I claim,
 This shall be my only plea :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

222

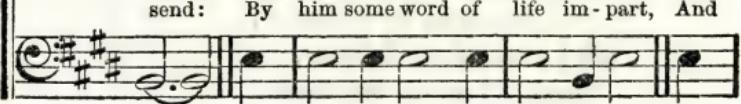
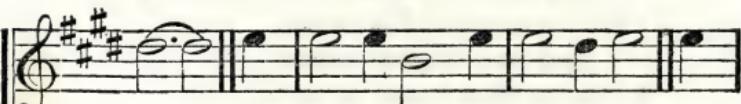
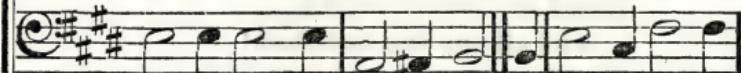
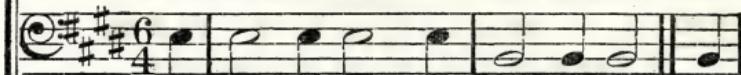
Pleading by the Cross. 7s & 6s.

1 LAMB of God ! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find :
Think on us who think on thee ;
 Every burdened soul release ;
Oh ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

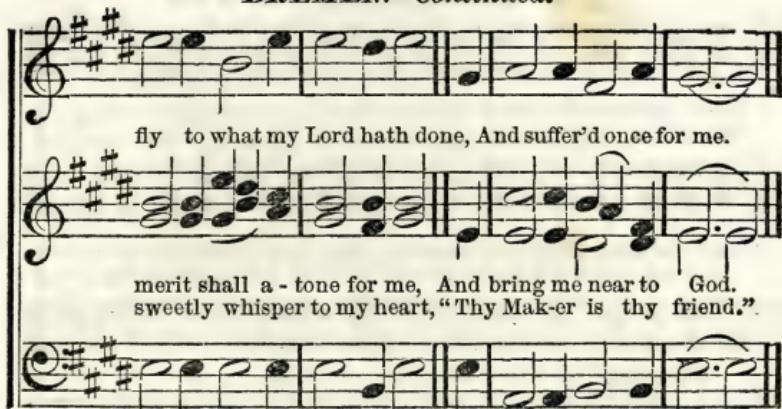
2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
Oh ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Can we ever hence depart,
 Till thou our wants relieve ?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
 And all thine image give :
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
 Till renewed by holiness ;
Oh ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

223 BREMEN. C. P. M.



BREMEN.—Continued.

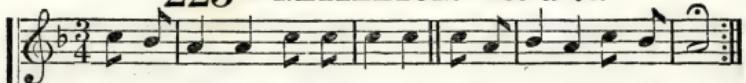


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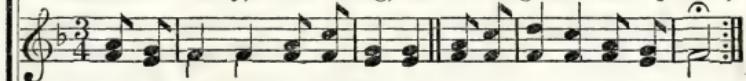
Subdued by the Cross. C. M.

Tune.—AVON, No. 78.

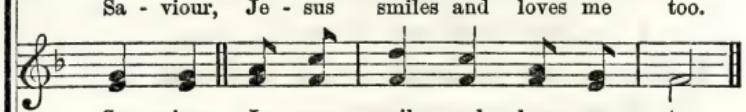
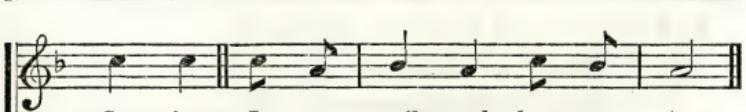
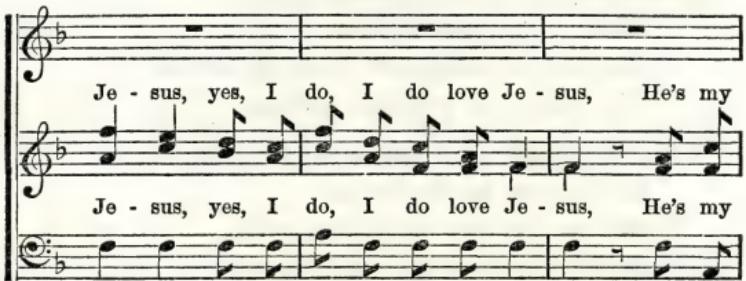
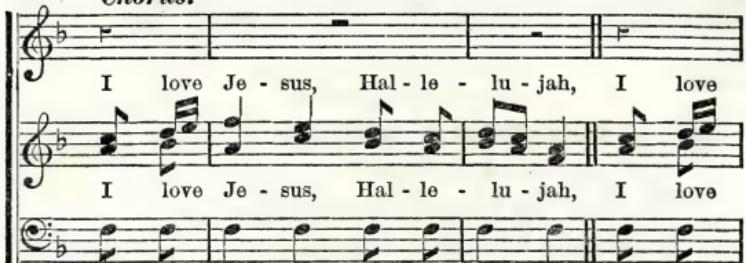
- 1 I SAW one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood ;
 He fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Oh ! never, till my latest breath,
 Shall I forget that look ;
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
 It plunged me in despair :
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail him there.
- 4 A second look he gave, that said,
 “ I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may’st live.”
- 5 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

225 NETTLETON. *8s & 7s.*

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing! Tune my heart to grateful lays; }
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }



2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above; }
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love. }

*Chorus.*

CONVERSION.

3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

4 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy grace, Lord ! like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord ! I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love :
Here's my heart, oh ! take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

226

Joyful Hope. 8s & 7s.

Tune.—FOLLOWING JESUS, No. 211.

1 KNOW, my soul ! thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care,
Joy to find, in every station.
Something still to do or bear :
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think what Jesus did to win thee ;
Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?

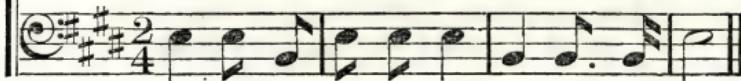
2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

227 *JESUS IS MINE.*

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine;



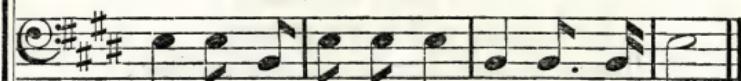
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine;



Break ev - ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine;



Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine;



Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing - place,



Pe - rish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,



JESUS IS MINE.—Continued.

Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine ;
Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine ;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell mortality,
 Jesus is mine ;
Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine ;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine.

228 *HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.*

1. How happy are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have

laid up their treasure above! Oh, what tongue can express, The sweet

com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 That comfort was mine,
When compassion divine
To my soul in its misery came ;
When first I believed,
And salvation received,
And rejoiced in Immanuel's name.

3 My remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my lost soul to redeem ;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due,
May they all be devoted to him.

229

Joy in God. C. M.

Tune.—ELIZABETHTOWN, No. 92.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite,
In silence soft and sweet ;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;
For lo ! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my Friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul,
The sounds of peace convey ;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more ;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

230 *REDEEMING LOVE.* 7s.

1. Now be - gin the heav'n-ly theme, Sing a - loud in

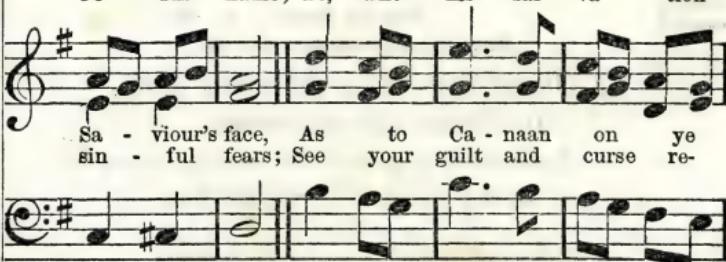


2. Ye, who see the Fa - ther's grace Beam - ing in the

3. Mourning souls! dry up your tears; Ban - ish all your



Je - sus' name; Ye, who his sal - va - tion



Sa - viour's face, As to Ca - naan on ye

sin - ful fears; See your guilt and curse re -



prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.



move, Praise, and bless re - deem - ing love.

move, Can - cel'd by re - deem - ing love.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals! join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

231

Communing with Jesus. L. M.

Tune.—LOUVAN, No. 136.

1 JESUS, our best-belovéd friend,
Draw out our souls in sweet desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey,
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

232 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev' - ry nerve, And

2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice, That

3. A cloud of - wit - ness - es a - round Hold

press with vi - gor on; A heav'n - ly

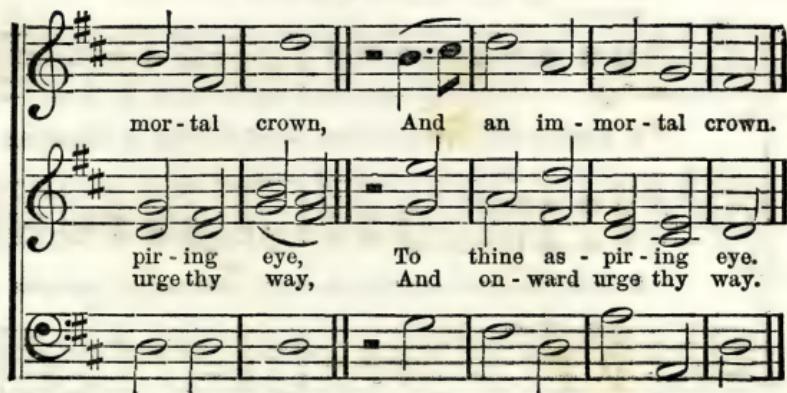
calls thee from on high; 'Tis he, whose

thee in full sur - vey; For - get the

race de - mand s thy zeal, And an im -

hand pre - sents the prize, To thine as -

steps al - rea - dy trod, And on - ward



4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
 Our race have we begun;
 And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet,
 We'll lay our trophies down.

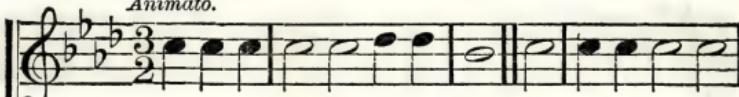
233

The Men of Faith. C. M.

- 1 **RISE**, O my soul! pursue the path,
 By ancient worthies trod;
 Aspiring, view those holy men,
 Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
 They conquered every foe;
 And, to his power and matchless grace,
 Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given;
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
 That led them safe to heaven.

234 *MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.*

Animato.



1. A-wake, our souls! away, our fears! Let ev'-ry trembling



2. True, 'tis a strait and thor-ny road, And mor-tal spi-rits



thought be gone; A-wake and run the heav'ny race,



tire and faint; But they for-get the mighty God,



And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.



Who feeds the strength of ev' - ry saint.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love, our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

235

The Christian Warfare. L. M.

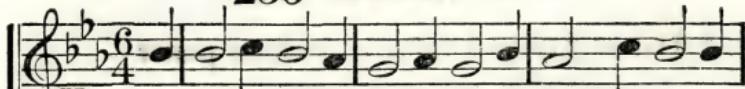
1 STAND up, my soul ! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph, when he rose.

3 Then, let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There, peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

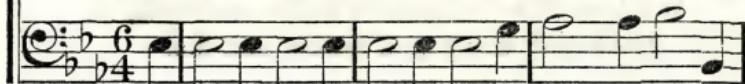
236 ATHENS. C. M.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll' - wer of the



3. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage,



Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or
D. S. Is this vile world a friend to grace, To

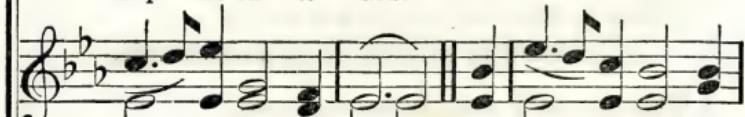


Lord! I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-
D. S. They see the tri - umph from a - far, And



FINE.

blush to speak his name? 2. Are there no foes for
help me on to God?



port - ed by thy word. 4. Thy saints, in all this
seize it with their eye.



ATHENS.—Continued.

D. 8.

me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, though they die;

D. 8.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

237

Christian Assurance. C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name ;
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands ;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And, in the New-Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

238 *LABAN. S. M.*

1. My soul! be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-



rise; And hosts of sins are press-ing hard,



To draw thee from the skies.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 1 My soul ! be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh ! watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.



239

Watchfulness. *S. M.*

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh ! may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh ! thy servant, Lord ! prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

240 HENDON. 7s.

Moderato.

1. Qui - et, Lord! my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a -
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a

ble and mild; } From dis-trust and en - vy free, Pleased with
wean-ed child: }

all that pleas - es thee, Pleased with all that pleas-es thee.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
 Why should *I* the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise
 Fears to move one step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, guard, and guide.

241

The Mind of Christ. 7s.

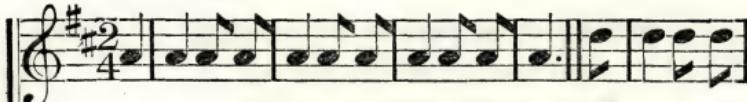
1 FATHER of eternal grace !
 Glorify thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
 To thy will : thy will be done !
Give me, Lord ! the perfect mind
 Of thy well-belovéd Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path he trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with him, to thee, my God !

242 LONGWOOD. 11s.



1. Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way; The Lord is our



2. He raiseth the fall-en, he cheereth the faint; The weak and op-



lead-er, his word is our stay; Though suff'ring, and sor-row, and



press'd, he will hear their complaint; The way may be weary, and



trial be near, The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?



thorny the road, But how can we falt- er? our help is in God!



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light ;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might ;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come ;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home.

243

Pilgrim's Song. 7s & 6s.
Tune.—AMSTERDAM, No. 221.

1 RISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul ! and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

244 *MELODY. C. M.*

1. Sal - va - tion! oh! the joy - ful sound; 'Tis

plea - sure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for

ev' - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

245

Salvation Sure. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest ;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below, he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood ;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame.
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love ;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh ! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name ;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim.

246 JESUS PAID IT ALL.



1. Nothing, either great or small, Remains for me to do;



2. When he from his loft-ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die,

3. Weary, working, plodding one, Oh, wherefore toil you so?



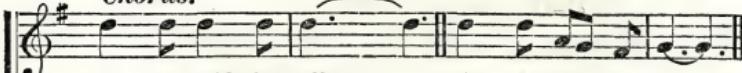
Je - sus died, and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.



Ev' - ry thing was ful - ly done; "Tis finished!" was his cry.
Cease your doing, all was done; Yes, a - ges long a - go.



Chorus.

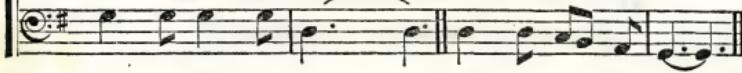


Je - sus paid it all, . . . All the debt I owe.



Je - sus paid it all, . . . All the debt I owe.

Je - sus paid it all, . . . All the debt I owe.



Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.



Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.



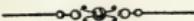
CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.

Chorus.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

Chorus.—Jesus paid it all, &c.



247

My Saviour Died for Me. C. M.

Tune.—VARINA, No. 110.

1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord !
In thee I put my trust ;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust :
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea ;
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me !

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat
My hope within the veil :
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee ;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me !

248 *SILVER STREET.* S. M.

1. Come, ye who love the Lord! And let your
2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er

joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac-
knew our God; But children of the heav'n-ly

cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
King, May speak their joys a-broad.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

249

Salvation by Grace. S. M.

1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone
 And well deserves the praise.

250 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1. O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And
 2. When all cre - at - ed streams are dried, Thy
 3. Oh that I had a strong - er faith To

on thy care de - pend; To thee in ev' - ry
 full - ness is the same; May I with this be
 look with - in the vail, To cre - dit what my

trou - ble flee, My best, my on - ly friend.
 sat - is - fied. And glo - ry in thy name.
 Sa - viour saith, Whose word can nev - er fail.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 He who has made my heaven secure
Will here all food provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

251

Breathing after Holiness. C. M.

1 OH ! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still ;
Oh ! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Oh ! send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord !
But keep my conscience clear.

4 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

252 RETREAT. L. M.

Gentle.

1. Re - turn, my rov - ing heart! re - turn, And

chase those sha-dowy forms no more; Now seek, in sol - i-

tude to mourn, And thy for - sak-en God im - plore.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1 RETURN, my roving heart! return,
And chase those shadowy forms no more;
Now seek, in solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleansed and purified.

4 Oh! with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling here

253

All in God. L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee,
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be;
And let me find my all in thee!

254 NOTTING HILL. C. M.

1. My God! my Fa - ther! bliss - ful name! Oh!

2. This on - ly can my fears con - trol, And

3. What - e'er thy prov - i - dence de - nies, I

may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as-

bid my sor - rows fly; What harm can ev - er
calm - ly would re - sign; For thou art good, and

sur - ance claim A por - tion so di - vine!

reach my soul Be -neath my Fa - ther's eye?
just, and wise; Oh! bend my will to thine.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh ! give me strength to bear ;
Let me but know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

255

Trust and Praise. C. M.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,

 In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

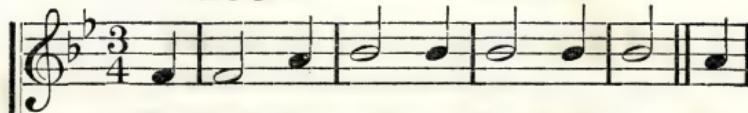
2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
 Till all, who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh ! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
 He to my rescue came.

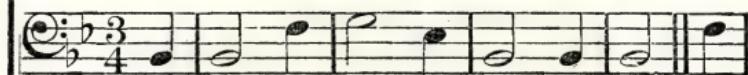
4 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all,
 Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh ! make but trial of his love ;
 Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

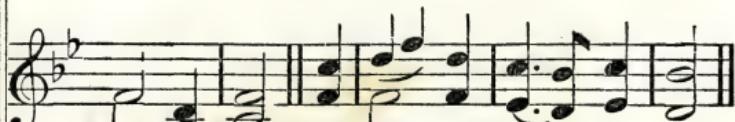
6 Fear him, ye saints ! and ye will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
Make ye his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

256 **BALERMA.** C. M.

1. Oh! for a heart to praise my God! A



heart from sin set free; A heart that al-ways



feels thy blood, So free - ly shed for me.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within !

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

257

Reconciliation with God. C. M.

1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, oh ! may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconciled.

258 OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil-grim through this

2. Op - en, Lord! the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal-ing

barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy

wa - ters flow; Let the fie - ry clou - dy pil-lar Lead me all my

pow'rful hand: Bread of heaven! Bread of heaven! Feed me till I

journey thro': Strong deliv'rer! Strong deliv'rer! Be thou still my

want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction !
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

259

Hope Encouraged. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 O MY soul ! what means this sadness ?
 Wherfore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fear begone ;
 Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 He will make thee pure within ;
 He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
His right hand shall still defend thee
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;
 Thou shalt praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 Oh ! that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love !
 Happy spirits !
When shall I your chorus join ?

260 ROCHESTER. C. M.

1. A - las! what hour - ly dan - gers rise, What
 2 How oft my mourn - ful thoughts com - plain, And
 3. O Lord! in - crease my faith and hope, When

snares be - set my way! To heav'n, oh! let me
 melt in flow - ing tears! I strive a - gainst my
 foes and fears pre - vail; And bear my faint - ing

lift mine eyes, And, hourly watch and pray.
 foes in vain, I sink a - mid my fears.
 spi - rit up, Or soon my strength will fail.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Oh ! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

261

Spiritual Sloth. C. M.

1 My drowsy powers ! why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above ;

4 We, for whom God, the Son, came down,
And laboured for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood !

5 Lord ! shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove ! from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

262 **BEGONE UNBELIEF.** 5s & 6s.

1. Be - gone, un - be - lief, My Sa - viour is near,

2. Tho' dark be my way, Since he is my guide,

3. De - ter-mined to save, He watch'd o'er my path,

And for my re - lief Will sure - ly ap - pear:

'Tis mine to o - bey, 'Tis his to pro - vide;
When, Sa - tan's blind slave, I sport - ed with death:

By pray'r let me wres - tle, And he will perform;

His way was much rough - er And dark - er than mine;
And can he have taught me To trust in his name,

With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.

Did Je - sus thus suf - fer, And shall I re - pine?
And thus far have brought me, To put me to shame?

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.

5 His love, in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink :
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, oh how pleasant
 The conqueror's song !

263

Confidence in God. *C. M.*
Tune.—DOWNS, No. 172.

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee
 Thine ever watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see,
 Thine hand alone supply.

2 In thine all gracious providence
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;
 O let thy power be our defence,
 Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Thy mercy still supply !
 The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

264 CHILDS. S. M.

Largo.

1. Oh! cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to
 2. Be - hold the ark of God; Be - hold the o - pen
 3. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be thy

roam; All this wide world, to
 door; Oh! haste to gain that
 rest, And, ev' - ry long - ing

eith - er pole, Has not for thee a home.
 dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
 sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

265

Resting on God. S. M.

- 1 My spirit on thy care,
 Blest Saviour, I recline ;
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,
 On thee I calmly rest ;
 I know thee good, I know thee just,
 And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me ;
 Secure of having thee in all,
 Of having all in thee.

266

Burdens cast on God. S. M.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his powerful sway
 His saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up
 Will guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Renewed from day to day ;
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

267 GOSHEN. 11s.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord!

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh! be not dis-mayed,

Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word!

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

What more can he say, than to you he hath said,

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

You, who un-to Je-sus for re-fuge have fled?

Up-held by my right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And, when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never,—no, never,—no, never forsake."

268

Mercy in Affliction. *C. M.*

Tune.—STEPHENS, No. 38.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way !
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2 Oh ! grant me to desire the pain,
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The very hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

269 *PILESGROVE. L. M.*

1. How oft have sin and Sa - tan strove, To

rend my soul from thee, my God! But ev - er-

lasting is thy love, And Je - sus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amid temptations, sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

270

Adoption. L. M.

1 GREAT God ! indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories, that compose thy name,
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise !
 Thou art my Father, and my God ;
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep,

2. Sa-viour, Prince, enthroned above, Re-pen-tance to im-part,

3. See me, Sa-viour, from a - bove, Nor suf - fer me to die;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep;

Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The humble, contrite heart;

Life, and hap - pi - ness, and love, Fall from thy gracious eye:

Let me be by grace restored, And to me thy mercy shown;

This I should have long implored, For thou all my sin hast known;

Speak the re-con - cil-ing word, Let thy mer-cy melt me down;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

272

Prayer for Strength. 7s & 6s.

- 1 NEAR me, O my Saviour, stand,
 In sore temptation's hour ;
Save me with thine outstretched hand,
 And show forth all thy power ;
Oh ! be mindful of thy word ;
 All-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 2 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart ;
That I may from evil near
 With timely care depart ;
Sin be more than hell abhorred,
 Faith resist the tyrant foe ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 3 Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray ;
Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;
My exceeding great reward,
 Mine above, and mine below ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

273 GERHARDT. 7s & 6s.



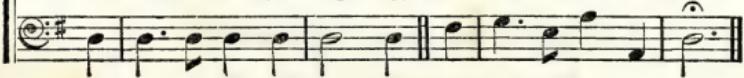
1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down,



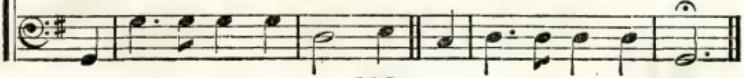
Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round - ed With thorns, thy on - ly crown;



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!



Yet tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn !
Thy grief, and thy compassion,
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heavenly Friend :
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove :
Oh ! let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

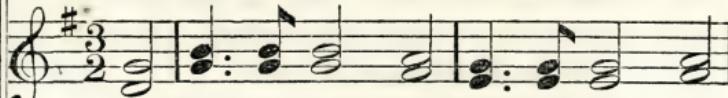
4 Forbid that I should leave thee ;
O Jesus, leave not me ;
By faith I would receive thee ;
Thy blood can make me free :
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

5 Be near when I am dying,
Oh ! show thy cross to me !
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free :
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

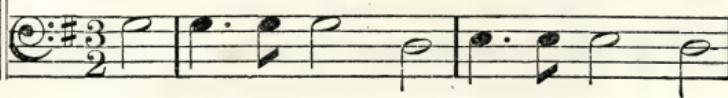
274 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Long have I sat be - neath the sound Of



2. Oft I fre - quent thy ho - ly place, And



thy sal - va - tion, Lord! But still, how weak my



hear al - most in vain; How small a por - tion



faith is found, And know - ledge of thy word.



of thy grace My mem'ry can re - tain.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

4 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

275

Submission. C. M.

1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command ?
Thy love forbids my fears ;
Why tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?

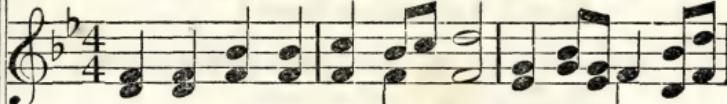
3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee ;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply ;
What more I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

276 ROSEFIELD. 7s.



1. Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fix'd no
Then my Sa - viour was my song, Then my soul was



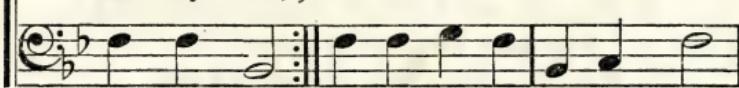
2. Lit - tle, then, my - self I knew, Lit - tle thought of
Now I feel my sins re - new, Now I feel the



more to move; } Those were hap - py, gold - en days,
fill'd with love: }



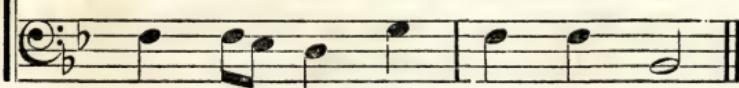
Sa - tan's pow'r; } Sin has put my joys to flight,
stor - my hour; }



Sweet - ly spent in pray'r and praise.



Sin has turn'd my day to night.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Saviour! shine, and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away, the tempter drive ;
Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.

277

The Fearful Encouraged. *S. M.*
Tune.—DENNIS, No. 34.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storm,
 He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall thy night
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not ;
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command :
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
 How wise, how strong his hand.

278 OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints! Down
 2. Though in a for - eign land, We
 3. His grace will, to the end, Strong-

from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of
 are not far from home; And, near - er to our
 er and bright - er shine; Nor pre - sent things, nor

love di - vine, Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.
 house a - bove, We ev' - ry mo - ment come.
 things to come, Shall quench this spark di - vine.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
 And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
 That stays himself on thee:
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
 Shall thy salvation see.

279

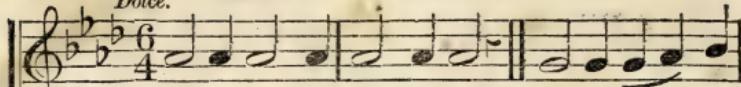
Working for the Master. S. M.

1 WORK, for the Master, work!
 At home and by the way;
Where'er thy Lord appoints thy lot,
 Work, while 'tis called to-day.

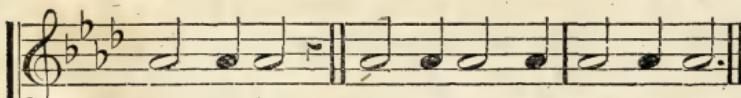
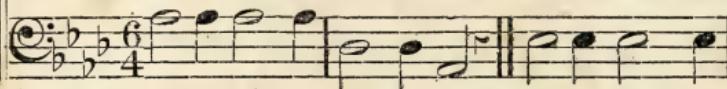
2 Work, for the Master, work!
 From early morn 'till even;
Put forth thine energies in hope
 Of winning souls for heaven.

3 Work, for the Master, work!
 No longer plead delay;
With all thy powers at once engage,
 Go, work, and watch and pray.

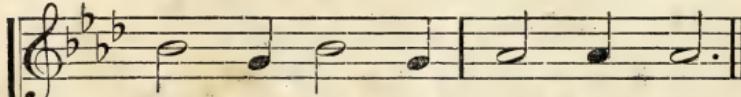
4 Work, for the Master, work!
 Thy toil will soon be done,
And thou, with spirits of the just,
 Shalt shout the harvest home.

Dolce.

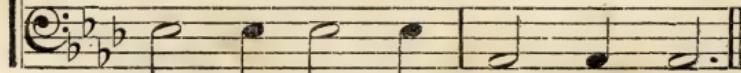
1. Hark! my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa-viour,

2. "I de-liv-er'd thee, when bound, And, when bleed-ing,
3. "Can a wo-man's ten-der care Cease to-wards the

hear his word; Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee,

heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
child she bare? Yes, she may for-get-ful be,

Say, poor sin-ner! lov'st thou me?

Turn'd thy dark-ness in-to light.
Yet will I re-mem-ber thee.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner ! lov'st thou me ?"

6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
Oh ! for grace to love thee more.

281

Leaning on God. 7s.

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word ;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand ;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay ;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus ! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock ;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

282 LEMAN. S. M. Double.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controll'd;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I lov'd a-far to roam.

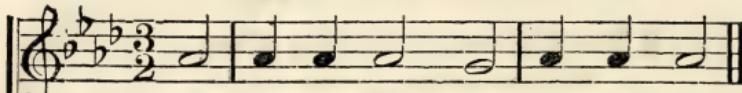
CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild ;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ,
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

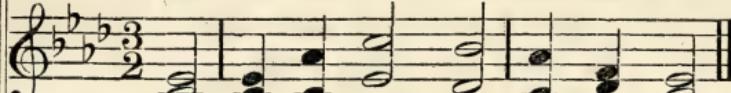
3 He spake in tender love,
He raised my drooping head ;
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul he fed ;
He washed my filth away,
He made me clean and fair ;
He brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul ;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole :
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold ;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

5 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold :
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

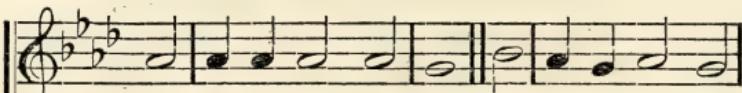
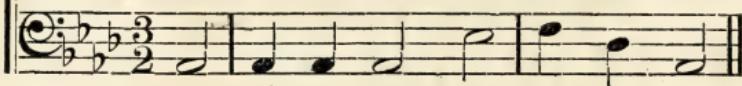


1. Oh! for a clo - ser walk with God,

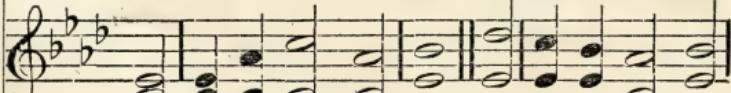


2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew,

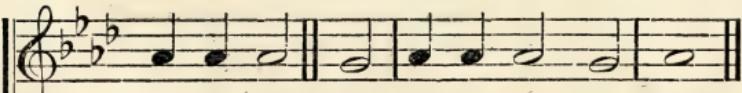
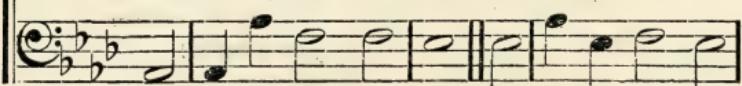
3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joy'd,



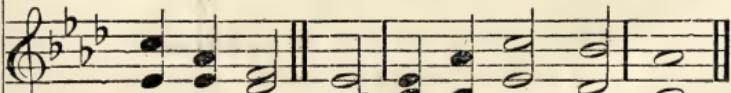
A calm and heav'n - ly frame, A light to shine up-



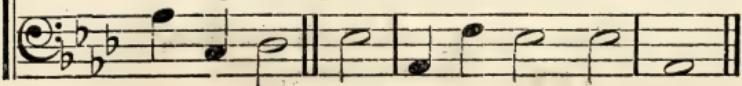
When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re-
How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an



on the road, That leads me to the Lamb!



fresh - ing view Of Je - sus, and his word?
ach - ing void, The world can nev - er fill.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

284

Love to Christ. C. M.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead ?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord !
But oh ! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

285 *AMAZING GRACE. C. M.*

1. A - ma - zing grace! how sweet the sound! That
I once was lost, but now am found, Was



2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The



Chorus.



sav'd a wretch like me; } I'm bound for the promised
blind, but now I see. }



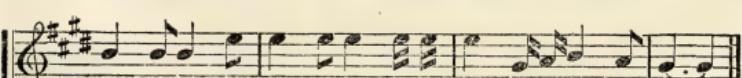
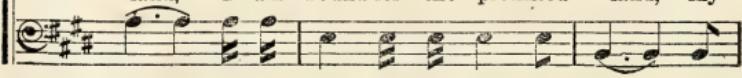
grace my fears re - lieved; } I'm bound for the promised
hour I first be - lieved. }



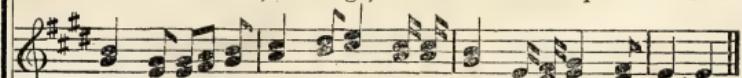
land, I am bound for the promised land, My



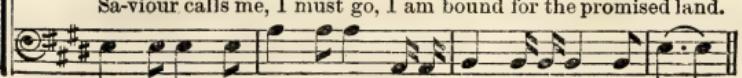
land, I am bound for the promised land, My



Sa-viour calls me, I must go, I am bound for the promised land.



Sa-viour calls me, I must go, I am bound for the promised land.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

286

Prospect of the Righteous. *L. M.*

Tune.—UXBRIDGE, No. 64.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord ! 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

3 Oh ! glorious hour !—Oh ! blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

287 OH! WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS? 7s & 6s.

1. Oh! when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;

And from that flowing fountain Drink ev - er - last - ing love?

When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world o - sis,

And with my blessed Je - sus, Drink endless pleasure in?

2 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer though I die ;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu ;
 Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
 And, on, your way pursue.

3 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials in your way,
 Oh ! cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

288

Faith, our Guide. L. M.

Tune.—LOUVAN, No. 136.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as night.
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
 Left his own home to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

289 DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

1. Yes, for me, for me he car - eth, With a
2. Yes, for me he stand-eth plead - ing At the

brother's ten - der care; Yes, with me, with me he
mer - cy - seat a - bove; Ev - er for me in - ter -

shar - eth Ev' - ry bur-den, ev' - ry fear.
ced - ing, Con - stant in un - tir - ing love.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
 I in him and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for his returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of even.

290

Renouncing Self-righteousness. **L. M.**

Tune.—WELLS, No. 150.

1 No MORE, my God! I boast no more,
 Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must, and will, esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

291. MONSON. C. M.

1. Faith adds new charms to earth - ly bliss, And
2. The wound - ed con - science knows its power, The

saves me from its snares; Its aid, in ev' - ry
heal - ing balm to give; That balm the sad - dest

du - ty, brings, And soft - ens all my cares.
heart can cheer, And make the dy - ing live.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise, sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
 Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings
 To endless glory rise.

292

Pleasures Unseen. C. M.

1 Oh ! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
 Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !

2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord ! send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh ! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
 Immortal, in the skies.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

293

Nearness to God. C. M.

Tune.—AVON, No. 78.

- 1 OH ! could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
Nor sin nor fear intrude.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day ;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus ! come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

294

Contrition and Prayer. C. M.

Tune.—HEBER, No. 128.

- 1 OH ! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord ;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.
- 2 Oh ! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour ! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress ;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.
- 4 Oh ! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will ;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

295

Confiding in God. C. M.

Tune.—STEPHENS, No. 38.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?
- 2 Good, when he gives—supremely good ;
Nor less, when he denies ;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind ?
To his unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God ! inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb !

296

Thirsting after God. C. M.

Tune.—LANESBORO', No. 14.

- 1 AS PANTS the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God ! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord ! wast nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

297 MELROSE. C. M.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And

mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to
 fie-ry darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at

ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all :

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll,
 Across my peaceful breast.

298

Church's Safety. **L. M.***Tune.*—WARD, No. 94.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled,
 Down to the deep and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world ;
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 Our grief allays, our fears controls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

299. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie, that binds Our hearts in
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us

Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred
 ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are

bur - dens bear; And oft - en, for each oth - er,
 in - ward pain; But we shall still be join'd in

minds Is like to that a - bove.
 one, Our com - forts and our cares.

flows, The sym - pa - thi - zing tear.
 heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage, by the way ;
While each, in expectation, lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
 Through all eternity.

300

Adoption. s. M.

1 BEHOLD ! what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear,
 How great we must be made ;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.

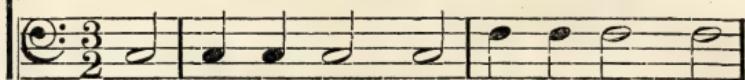
4 A hope, so much divine,
 May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
 I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

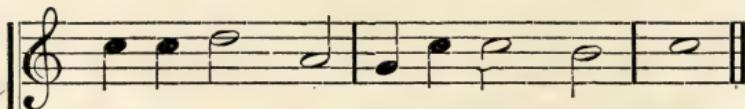
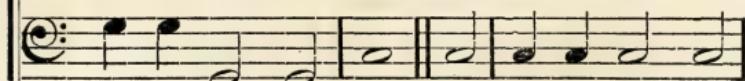
6 We would no longer lie,
 Like slaves, beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall—“ Abba, Father ! ” —cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

301 *LUCIUS. C. M.*

1. How sweet and heav'n - ly is the sight, When



those, who love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's



peace de - light, And so ful - fill his word!



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.

4 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love.

302

Parting. 7s.

Tune.—PLEYEL'S HYMN, No. 158.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength, may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that, if we live, ere-long
We may meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

303 NEARER HOME. S. M.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes
2 Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where

to me o'er and o'er: Near-er my home I
ma-ny man-sions be; Near-er my Sa-viour's

am to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.
great white throne, Near-er the jas-per sea!

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Nearer my bound of life,
 My laying burdens down,
 My dropping the long-borne, heavy cross,
 My wearing the starry crown.

4 But, lying dark between
 And winding through the night,
 Is that deep stream which I must pass
 Before I reach the light.

5 Dear Saviour, leave me not ;
 Confirm my feeble faith ;
 And make me fearless when I stand
 Upon the shore of Death.

304

Singing of Heaven. S. M.

1 OH sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die ;
 Sing songs of holy ecstacy
 To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow,
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness ;
 Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
 Oh watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright seraphic gleam
 Which o'er my features plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear
 Let one sweet song be given ;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.

305 **BETHANY.** 6s & 4s.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee:

2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heaven;

Ev'n though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be ov - er me, My rest a stone,
All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy given,

Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

306

Closer Walk. 6s & 4s.

1 SAVIOUR ! I follow on,
 Guided by thee,
 Seeing not yet the hand
 That leadeth me ;
 Hushed be my heart and still,
 Fear I no further ill,
 Only to meet thy will
 My will shall be.

2 Saviour ! I long to walk
 Closer with thee ;
 Led by thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be ;
 Constantly near thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for him who died
 Freely for me !

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come;

:8:

FINE.

And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep with-in the tomb
D. S. wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

D. S.

Then, O my Lord, pre-prepare My soul for that great day;
D. S. Oh,

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease
 And surges swell no more ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away !

3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blest day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away !

4 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath-day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that sweet day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away !

5 'Tis but a little while,
 And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away !

308 *SHEPHERD.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Saviour like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; }
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. }

2. We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray. }

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear us
 bought us, thine we are; Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed
 when to thee we pray, Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed
 Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je - sus, Hear us when to thee we pray.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

4 Early will we seek thy favor,
 Early will we do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

309

Following the Shepherd. *C. M.*

Tune.—ORTONVILLE, No. 120.

1 To THEE, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise :
O let the humblest of thy flock
 Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
 To thine amazing love :
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
 And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
 With sin and grief oppress'd ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
 And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd !—led by thee,
 No evil shall I fear ;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
 And praise thee better there.

310 *AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.*

1. Gently, Lord! oh! gently lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of
 tears; . . . Thro' the chang-es thou'st decreed us, Till our
 d. s. Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us

FINE.

last great change ap-pears; When temp - ta - tion's darts as -
 in thy per - fect way.

D. S.

sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear :
And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

311

Thy Will be done. **L. M.**

Tune.—WOODWORTH, No. 207.

1 My God ! my Father ! while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done ! Thy will be done !

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 Thy will be done !

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield thee what was thine :
 Thy will be done !

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done !

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest,
 Thy will be done !

312 ST. MICHAEL'S. 5s & 6s.

1. Though troubles as - sail, And dan - gers af - fright;

2. We may, like the ships, By tem - pests be toss'd .

Though friends should all fail, And foes all u - nite;

On pe - ri - lous deeps, But can - not be lost;

Yet one thing se - cures us, What - ev - er be - tide;

Though Sa - tan en - ra - ges The wind and the tide,

The Scrip - ture as - sures us The Lord will pro - vide.

The pro - mise en - ga - ges The Lord will pro - vide.

3 No strength of our own,
 Or goodness we claim ;
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 The Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through :
 No fearing or doubting,
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
 The Lord will provide.

313

*God's Infinite Grace. C. M.**Tune.—CADDY, No. 194.*

1 How rich thy favors, God of grace !
 How various and divine !
 Full as the ocean they are poured,
 And bright as heaven they shine.

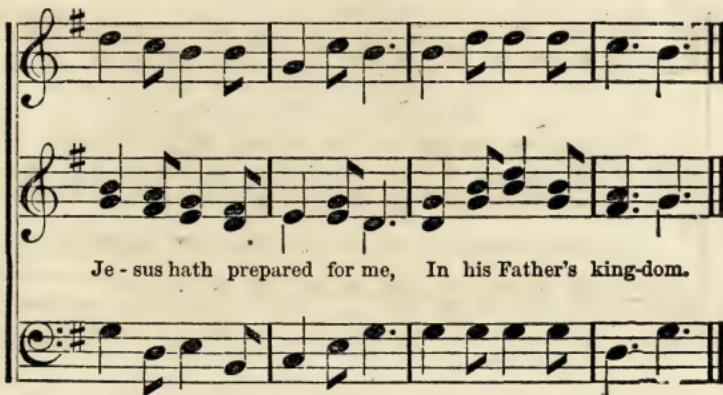
2 He to eternal glory calls,
 And leads the wondrous way
 To his own palace where he reigns
 In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
 That mercy shall attend,
 Which leads through sufferings of an hour,
 To joys that never end.

314 *LOOKING HOME.*

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
 For my Father's mansions still Ear-nest-ly is long-ing.
 Looking home, Looking home, Tow'rds the heav'nly mansions

LOOKING HOME.—Continued.



Je - sus hath prepared for me, In his Father's king-dom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
Looking home, &c.

3 Oh ! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
Looking home, &c.

4 With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our soul attending.
Looking home, &c.

5 Blessed home, oh ! blessed home,
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.
Looking home, &c.

315 SWEET LAND OF REST.

1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment

come? When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And

dwell with Christ at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And

SWEET LAND OF REST.—Continued.

1st ending.

2d ending.

dwell with Christ at home, home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,

 No peaceful sheltering home,

This world's a wilderness of woe,

 This world is not my home.

 Home, home, &c.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,

 He bade me cease to roam,

But fly for succor to his breast,

 And he'd conduct me home.

 Home, home, &c.

4 When, by affliction sharply tried,

 I viewed the gaping tomb,

Although I dread death's chilling tide,

 Yet still I sighed for home.

 Home, home, &c.

5 Weary of wandering round and round,

 This vale of sin and gloom,

I long to leave the unhallowed ground,

 And dwell with Christ at home.

 Home, home, &c.

316 THE BRIGHT CROWN. C. M.

1. Ye val-i-ant soldiers of the cross, Ye hap-py, pray-ing band; }
Tho' in this world you suffer loss, You'll reach fair Canaan's land; }

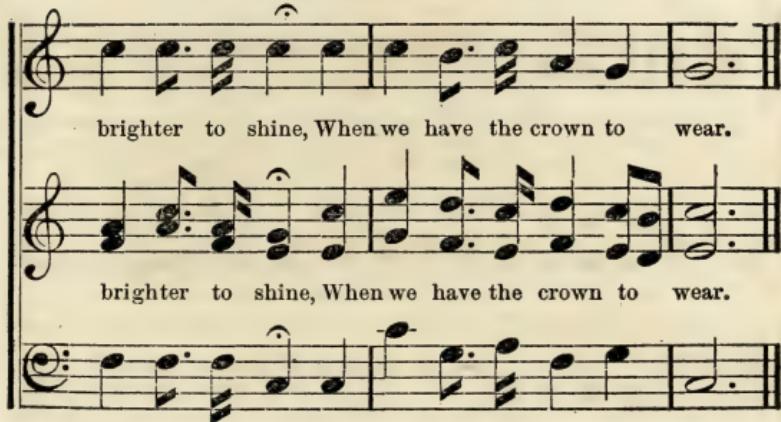
2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake, When heaven appears in view, }
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake To fight our passage through. }

Chorus.

Let us nev-er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we
Let us nev-er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we

all have the cross to bear; It will on-ly make the crown the
all have the cross to bear; It will on-ly make the crown the

THE BRIGHT CROWN.—Continued.



brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Chorus.—Let us never, &c.

317

The Starry Crown. S. M.

Tune.—NEARER HOME, No. 303.

1 I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust,
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

318 *HOME. 11s.*

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace! And thrice precious

soul is communion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's

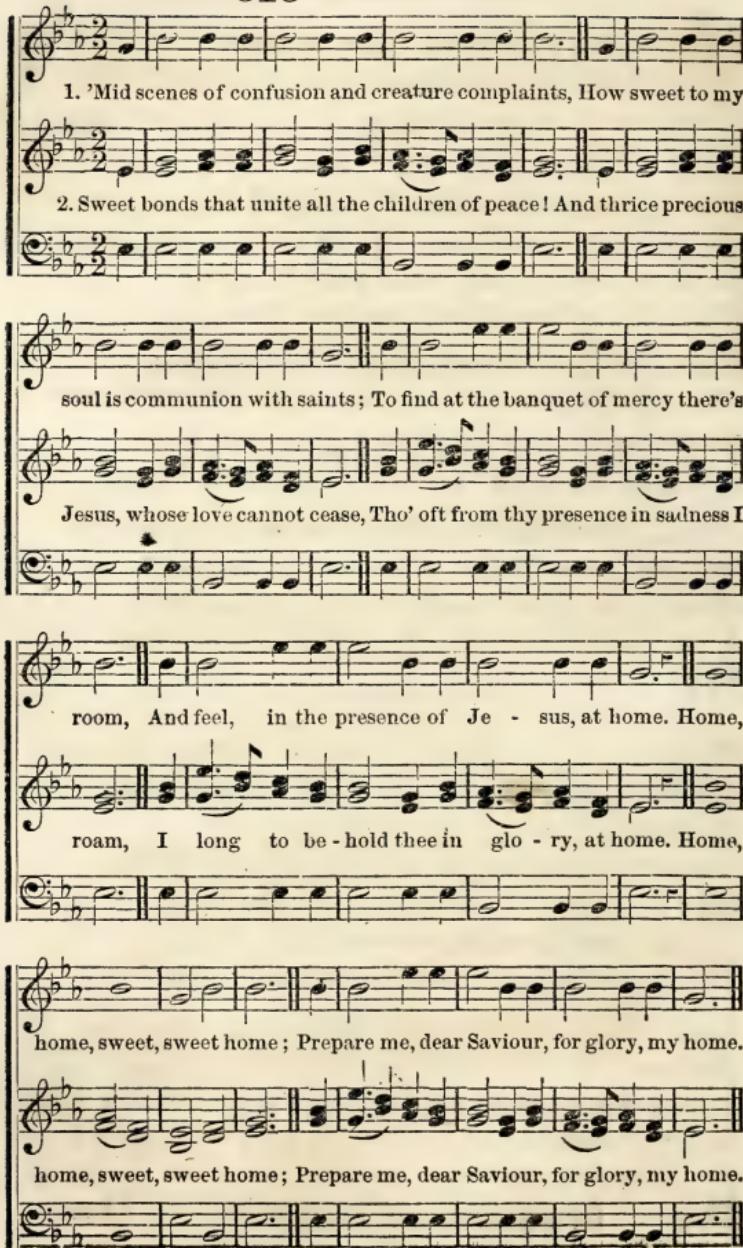
Jesus, whose love cannot cease, Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I

room, And feel, in the presence of Je - sus, at home. Home,

roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home,

home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.



3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;
 Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 Oh give me submission, and strength as my day ;
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh give me thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face ;
 Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine ;
 No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine ;
 And, in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

319

The Soul's Home. 11s.

1 O WHERE can the soul find relief from its foes ?
 A shelter of safety, a home of repose ?
 Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
 Give a refuge, nor sorrow nor sin can assail ?
 No, no ! there's no home !
 There's no home on earth—the soul has no home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
 And seek for a home in the mansions on high ?
 In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
 And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven ?
 Yes, yes ! there's a home !
 There's a home in high heaven—the soul has a home.

320 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sin - cere de - sire,
 2. Pray'r is the bur - den of a sigh,
 3. Pray'r is the sim - plest form of speech

Un - ut - ter'd or ex-press'd: The motion of a

The fall - ing of a tear, The upward glanc - ing
 That in - fant lips can try; Pray'r, the sub - lim - est

hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.

of an eye, When none but God is near.
 strains that reach The ma - jes - ty on high.

P R A Y E R.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
 He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
 And cry,—“Behold he prays !”

6 O thou ! by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
 Lord ! teach us how to pray.

321

Prayer for Sincerity. C. M.

1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne
 And our confessions pour,
Oh ! may we feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray, from thee,
 Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 Oh ! let our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts—'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

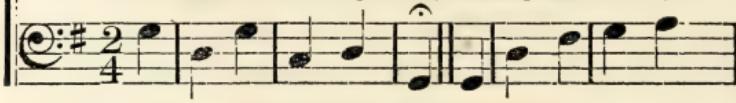
322 SHIRLAND. S. M.

Allegretto Moderato.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The pro-mise calls us



2. The rich a - tor - ing blood, Which sprinkled round we



near; There Je - sus shows a smil - ing



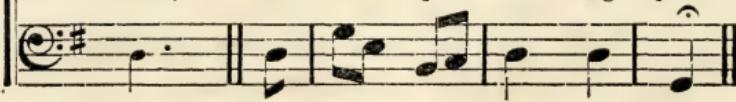
see, Pro - vides, for those who come to



face, And waits to an - swer prayer.



God, An all - pre - vail - ing plea.



PRAYER.

3 Thine image, Lord ! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our will to thine ;
Let us victorious be in death,
And, then, in glory shine.

5 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll cheerful leave,
And find our heaven in thee.

—○—○—○—○—

323

Importunate Prayer.

s. m.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer ;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

324 **BRATTLE STREET.** C. M. Double.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wish-es still'd;

3. In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see!

And may this con-se-crat-ed hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.

Each blessing to my soul more dear, Be-cause conferr'd by thee.

2. Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would soar;

4. In ev'-ry joy that crowns my days, In ev'-ry pain I bear,

Thy mer-ey o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-ey I a - dore.

My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek re-lief in pray'r.

P R A Y E R.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my breast shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee.



325

The Mercy-Seat. L. M.

Tune.—RETREAT, No. 252.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sense and sin becloud no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

326 *NAOMI. C. M.*

1. Fa - ther! what-e'er of earth-ly bliss, Thy

sov' - reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed, at thy

throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

PRAYER.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope, that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."



327

Prayer for Rest. 7s.
Tune.—HORTON, No. 196.

1 COME, my soul! thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise, and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer,
Be my guide, my guard, my friend;
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

Slow.

1. Lord! we come before thee now; At thy feet we
 2. Lord! on thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas-sion,
 3. In thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek thee,
 hum-bly bow; Oh! do not our suit dis-dain;
 now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 here we stay; Lord! we know not how to go,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
 Till a bless-ing thou be-stow.

hum-bly bow; Oh! do not our suit dis-dain;
 now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 here we stay; Lord! we know not how to go,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
 Till a bless-ing thou be-stow.

Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?
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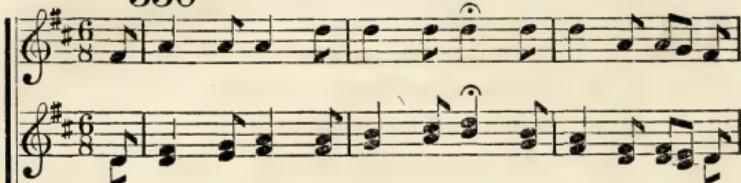
P R A Y E R .

- 4 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those, who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant, that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

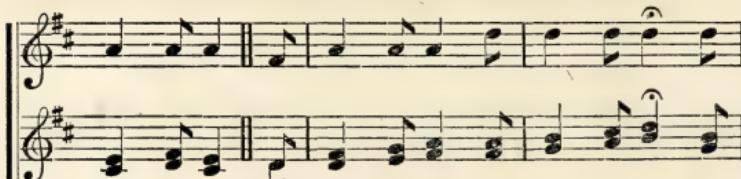
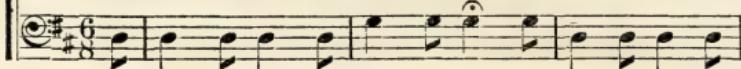
329

Prayer to Christ. 7s.

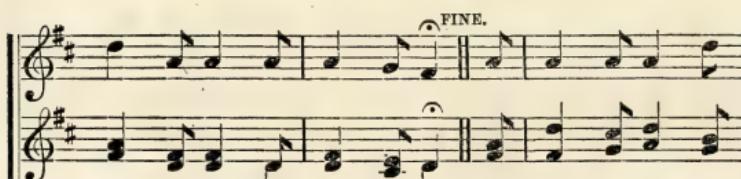
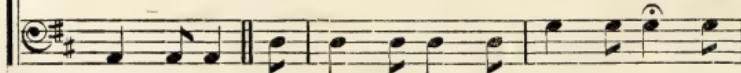
- 1 LIGHT of life !—seraphic Fire !
Love divine !—thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart.
- 2 Every mourning sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom :
Saviour—Son of God ! appear ;
To thy living temples come.
- 3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.



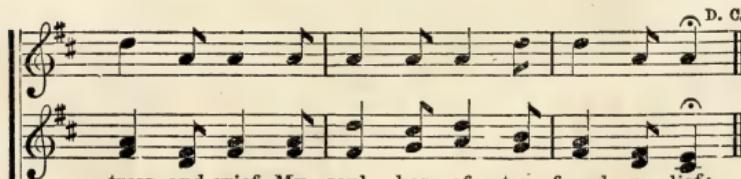
1. Sweet hour of pray'r ! sweet hour of pray'r ! That calls me from a
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet



world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make
hour of pray'er, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By



all my wants and wish-es known : In seas- ons of dis-
thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.



tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;



PRAYER

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share ;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

331

Thy Will be Done. L. M.

Tune.—WIMBORNE, No. 130.

1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain when thou art near !

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No pain we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near !

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf
Shall softly tell us, thou art near !

332 ANVERN. L. M.

Slow, and in steady time.

1. O Sun of righteousness! a - rise, With gentle beams on Zion

2. On all around, let grace descend, Like heav'nly dew, or copious

shine; Dis-pel the darkness from our eyes, And souls a-

show'rs; That we may call our God our friend, - That we may

RIT.

wake to life di - vine, And souls a - wake to life di - vine.

hail sal-va - tion ours, That we may hail sal-va-tion ours.

REVIVAL.

333

*Year of Jubilee. H. M.**Tune.—LENOX, No. 213.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet ! blow,
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners ! home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the world, proclaim ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners ! home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell !
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners ! home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace :
 Ye happy souls ! draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners ! home.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Has full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits ! rest,
 Ye mourning souls ! be glad :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners ! home.

Moderato.

334 *SEIR. S. M.*

1. O Lord! thy work re - vive In Zi - on's

gloom-y hour; And let our dy - ing gra - ces

live, By thy re - stor - ing pow'r.

REVIVAL

2 Oh ! let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their solemn vows again renew,
 And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
 Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
 Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
 Now listen to our cry ;
Oh ! come, and bring salvation near :
 Our souls on thee rely.

335

Prayer for Revival. S. M.

1 OH for the happy hour
 When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
 His Spirit from on high.

2 Our prayers are faint and dull,
 And languid all our songs ;
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
 And rapture tuned our tongues.

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
 Thy gospel sure success ;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
 Anew in holiness.

4 Come then, with power divine,
 Spirit of life and love ;
Then shall our people all be thine,
 Our church like that above.

336

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

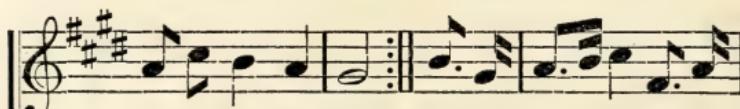
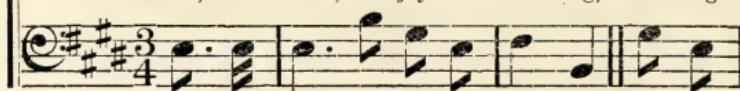
Maestoso.



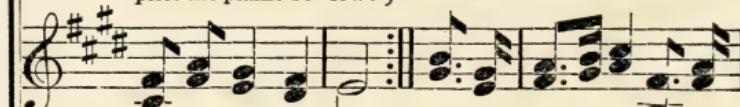
1. See, from Zi - on's sa - cred moun - tain, Streams of
God has o - pen'd there a foun - tain, That sup -



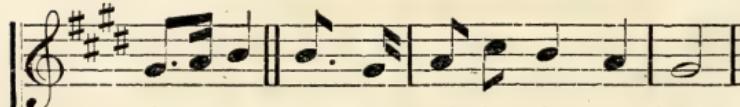
2. Thro' ten thou - sand channels flow - ing, Streams of
Life, and health, and joy be - stow - ing, Mak - ing



liv - ing wa - ter flow! } They are bless - ed, They are
plies the plains be - low: }



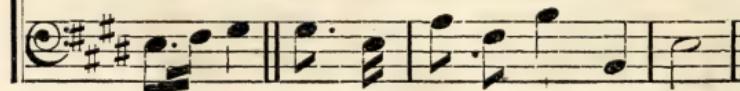
mer - cy find their way; } O ye na - tions! O ye
all a - round look gay: }



bless - ed, Who its sov'reign vir - tues know.



na - tions! Hail the long - ex - pect - ed day.



REVIVAL.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes ;
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose :
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around ;
Those who eat are saved from mourning,
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound ;
Fair their portion !
Endless life, with glory crowned.

337

Rejoicing in Revival. **H. M.**

Tune.—NEWBURY, No. 62.

1 O ZION ! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high ;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh ;
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head ;
The nations round | With lustre new,
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light ;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright ;
Pursue his praise, | In worlds above,
Till sovereign love, | The glory raise.

338 *GOMER.* 7s.

1. Saw ye not the cloud a - rise, Lit - tle as the

2. Lo, the pro - mise of a show'r Drops al - rea - dy

3. When he first the work be - gun, Small and fee - ble

hu - man hand? Now it spreads a - long the

from a - bove; But the Lord will short - ly
was the day; Now the word doth swift - ly

skies, Hangs o'er all the thirs - ty land.

pour run, All the bless - ings of his love.
Now it wins its widen - ing way.

REVIVAL.

4 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell

5 Sons of God ! your Saviour praise ;
 He the door hath opened wide ;
He hath given the word of grace ;
 Jesus' word is glorified.

339

The Vision of Dry Bones. **L. M.**

Tune.—SHOEL, No. 176.

1 LOOK down, O Lord ! with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these dead awake and live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That, mighty God ! to thee is known ;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain,
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death ;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So, when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

340 **GREENVILLE.** *8s, 7s & 4s.*

1. Sa - viour! vis - it thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us,
D. C. Lord re - vive us, Lord. re - vive us, All our

FINE.

Lord! a gra - cious help must come from thee. } All will come to

D. C.

des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
D. C.

REVIVAL.

2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

341

Declension Lamented. 8s & 7s.

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen !

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see :
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither ;
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

342 PARK STREET. L. M.

Vivace.

1. Je-sus! we bow be-fore thy throne, We lift our eyes to seek thy face; To bleed-ing hearts thy love make known, On con-trite souls be-stow thy grace, On con-trite souls be-stow thy grace.

S P R E A D O F T H E G O S P E L .

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
 A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
 And no kind voice dispels their fears !

3 Lord ! arm thy truth with power divine,
 Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
 And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 Oh ! rise, ye ransomed captives ! rise,
 Peal the loud anthem here below ;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
 And heaven with new-born rapture glow.



343

Prayer for Zion. L. M.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies !
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
 Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise ?
Till thine own power shall stand confessed,
 And make Jerusalem a praise ?

3 Look down, O God ! with pitying eye,
 And view the desolations round ;
See, what wide realms in darkness lie,
 What scenes of woe and crime abound !

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
 And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
 And earth's remotest ends draw near.

344 DOVER. S. M.

1. O Lord, our God! a - rise, The

cause of truth main - tain; And, wide o'er all the

peo - pled world, Ex - tend her bless - ed reign.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
 Expand thy quickening wing,
And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
 Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth! arise,
 To God, the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven
 Let echoing anthems ring

345

Prayer for Inebriates. *C. M.*

Tune.—MONSON, No. 291.

1 LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
 'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
 And bid the helpless live.

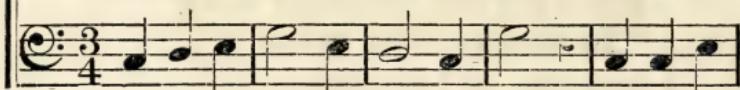
2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
 Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
 They wake to life again.

3 Life from the dead! Quickened by thee,
 Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
 And pleasures pure, refined.

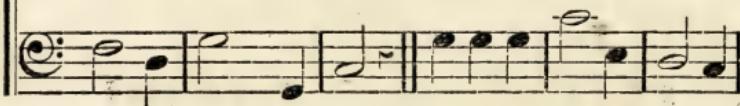
4 And may they by thy help abide,
 The tempter's power withstand,
By grace restored and purified
 In Christ accepted stand.

346 *MENDON. L. M.*

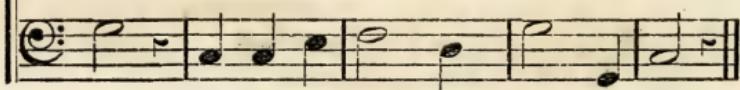
1. Arm of the Lord! a - wake, a - wake, Put on thy



strength, the na - tions shake, And let the world, a - dor-ing,



see Tri-umphs of mer - cy wrought by thee.



S P R E A D O F T H E G O S P E L .

- 1 ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
“I am Jehovah—God alone !”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Almighty God ! thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name ;
Let Zion’s time of favor come ;
Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home.
- 4 Arm of the Lord ! awake, awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
Let hostile powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

347

Time to favor Zion.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds ! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion’s favored hour ;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afrie’s shore, on India’s plains ;
Far let the gospel’s sound be known,
And claim the nations for thy own.
- 3 Speak,—and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak,—and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night ;
Bid every nation hail the light.

348 *ALVAN.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. O'er the gloo-my hills of dark-ness, Cheer'd by
Sun of right-eous-ness! a - ris - ing, Bring the

2. King-doms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them
And, from east-ern coast to west-ern, May the

no ce - les - tial ray, } Send the gos - pel,
bright, the glo - rious day; }

Lord! the glo - rious light; } And re - demp-tion,
morn-ing chase the night; }

Send the gos - pel, To the earth's re - mot - est bound.

And re - demp - tion, Free-ly pur-chased, win the day.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour ! all the world around.

349

Prayer for the Heathen. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth !
- 2 Light of them who sit in error !
 Rise and shine—thy blessings bring ;
 Light—to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in thy wing :
 To thy brightness,
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 Let the heathen, now adoring
 Idol gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshiping before him,
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou ! to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ; at thy command,
 Let the company of heralds
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord ! be with them,
 Always till time's latest end.

350 *AMES. L. M.*

1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God! In
 all thy plen-i - tude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath
 trod, Des-cend on our a - pos - tate race.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
 Confusion—order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
 A sinful world their God to meet :
Breathe thou abroad, like morning-air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him—Lord.

351

Christ's Coming Reign. L. M.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King !
 And spread thy glories all abroad ;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face ;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh ! let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

1. Hast - en, Lord! the glo - rious time, When, be-
Ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry clime, Shall the
D. C. Sa . tan and his host, o'er - thrown, Bound in

neath Mes-si - ah's sway; } 2. Mightiest kings his pow'r shall
gos - pel call o - bey. } chains, shall hurt no more.

D. C.

own, Heathen tribes his name a - dore; D. C.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.
4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord ;
 Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record ;
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

353

Prayer for all Lands. *S. M.*

Tune.—DENNIS, No. 34.

1 O God of sovereign grace !
 We bow before thy throne ;
And plead for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.
2 Spread through the earth, O Lord !
 The knowledge of thy ways ;
And let all lands, with joy, record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

354

Prayer for Christ's Triumph. *L. M.*

Tune.—MISSIONARY CHANT, No. 234.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise
 Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's !
2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee !
And, over land and stream and main,
 Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign !
3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns !

355. DARLEY. L. M.

1. Je - sus shall reign, where'er the sun Does his suc -

2. For him shall end-less pray'r be made, And end-less

3. Peo - ple and realms of ev' - ry tongue, Dwell on his

ces - sive jour - neys run; His kingdom stretch from

prais - es crown his head; His name, like sweet per -

love, with sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - es

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no

fume shall rise With ev' - ry morn-ing sa - cri -

shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his

DARLEY.—Continued.

more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
fice, With ev' - ry morn - ing sa - cri - fice.
name, Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

356

Universal Praise. L. M.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED, No. 16.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

357 ROMAINE. 7s & 6s.

1. Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-

2. He comes, with succor speedy, To those who suffer wrong; To help the poor and

point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op - pres-sion,

nee - dy, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sighing,

To set the captive free, To take a-way trans-gres-sion, To

Their darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemn'd and dying, Whose

take away transgression, To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui - ty.

souls, condemn'd and dying, Whose souls condemn'd and dying, Were precious in his sight

S P R E A D O F T H E G O S P E L.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is—Love.

358

Prayer for Israel. L. M.

Tune.—MIGDOL, No. 73.

1 ARISE, great God ! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Israel's race ;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
Recall them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal ;
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart ;
While Israel's rescued tribes, in thee,
Their bliss and full salvation see.

Vivace.

1. The morning light is break-ing, The darkness dis-ap-pears;

The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tidings from a-far,

Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay ;
Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

—o—o—o—
Christ's Final Victory. 7s & 6s

360

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along ?
When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign.

2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
 The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply :
High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

361 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald
Welcome news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on long in hostile

2. Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un-

stands, } Mourning cap-tive! God himself will loose thy bands,
lands: }

proved? } Cease thy mourning: Zi-on still is well - be - loved,
moved? }

Mourning cap - tive! God him - self will loose thy bands.

Cease thy mourning: Zi - on still is well - be - loved.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

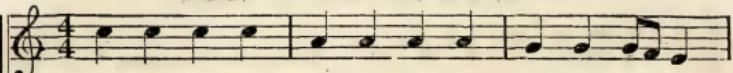
362

The Latter Day. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Look, ye saints ! the day is breaking ;
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land ;
Day advances,
Darkness flies, at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad :
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

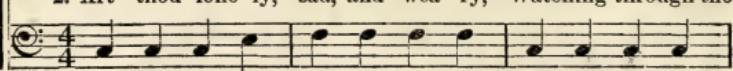
3 God of Jacob, high and glorious !
Let thy people see thy power ;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world for evermore ;
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.

363 *A BRIGHTER DAY.*

1. "Lift your heads" with faith; the morrow Dawneth brighter



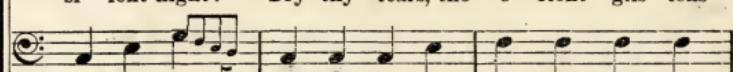
2. Art thou lone-ly, sad, and wea-ry, Watching through the



than to - day; An - gel hands will lift the sha - dows,



si - lent night? Dry thy tears, the o - rient glis - tens



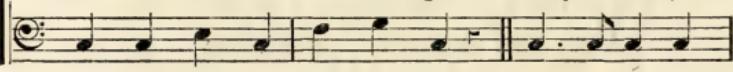
Chorus.



Chase the gathering gloom a - way. "Lift your heads," the



Like a thread of sil - ver light. "Lift your heads," the



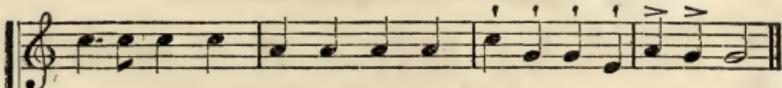
day is break - ing, Soon the morning will ap - pear;



day is break - ing, Soon the morn-ing will ap - pear;



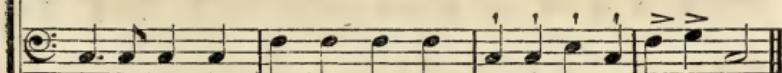
A BRIGHTER DAY.—Continued.



See the earth from slumber waking, "Lift your heads," the day draws near.



See the earth from slumber waking, "Lift your heads," the day draws near.



3 Does the night seem long and weary,
Dangers threatening 'long the way?
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.

Chorus.—“Lift your heads,” &c.

4 What, though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.

Chorus.—“Lift your heads,” &c.

5 Let the heart be cheered with gladness,
Though the sun is veiled from sight;
See! the stars are brightly beaming
Through the shadows of the night.

Chorus.

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,
See the shadows flee away;
See! the earth from slumber waking,
“Lift your heads!” behold the day!

364 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co - ral strand,

2. What, though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Where A-fric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand;

Though ev'-ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?

From many an ancient riv - er, From many a pal - my plain,

In vain, with lav - ish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

The heathen, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



365

Christian Effort. H. M.

Tune.—LENOX, No. 213.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might;
And prosper each design,
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 Put forth thy glorious power!
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee;
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

366 ROLLAND. L. M.

1. Jesus! thy church with longing eyes For thine expected coming

2. E'en now, when tempests round us fall, And wintry clouds o'ercast the

3. Oh! come and reign o'er ev'ry land; Let Satan from his throne be

waits: When will the pro - mised light a - rise, And

sky, Thy words with plea - sure we re - call, And
hurl'd, All na - tions bow to thy command, And

glory beam on Zion's gates, And glo - ry beam on Zi-on's gates?

deem that our redemption's nigh, And deem that our redemption's nigh.
grace revive a dying world, And grace re - vive a dy-ing world.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer
 To wait for thine appointed hour ;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
 The triumphs of thy conquering power.

367

The Gospel Banner. 7s & 6s.

Tune.—MISSIONARY HYMN, No. 364.

1 Now be the gospel banner,
 In every land, unfurled ;
And be the shout,—“ Hosanna !”
 Re-echoed through the world.
Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine ?
His arm, throughout their regions,
 Shall soon resplendent shine :
Ride on, O Lord ! victorious,
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
 Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes,—thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings :
The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

368 DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Great God! the na - tions of the earth Are by cre-
 2. But, Lord! thy great-er love hath sent Thy gos - pel

3. Soon may these gra - cious tid - ings roll The spa-cious
 4. Then, to her sa - ble sons con-voy'd, Shall A - fric

a - tion thine; And in thy works, from
 to our race; Un - veil - ing thy di -

earth a - round, Till ev' - ry tribe and
 learn thy word, And vas - sals, long - en -

na - ture's birth, Thy ra - diant glo - ries shine.
 vine in - tent Of rich re - deem - ing grace.

ev' - ry soul Shall hear the joyful sound.
 slaved, be - come The free - men of the Lord.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?

6 O Lord! each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel rays;
And rear, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

369

Charities. C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord! how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties—how complete!
How shall we count the wondrous sum,
Or pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them may'st thou be clothed and fed,
Be visited and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Saviour's voice be heard.

5 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord! at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

370 MORNING STAR. 7s. Double.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of pro-mise

2. Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star as-

are? Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height! See that glory-beaming

descends; Trav'ler! blessedness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-

star: Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-

tends: Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them

tell? Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

birth? Trav'ler! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn ;
Traveler ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn :
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home :
Traveler ! lo ! the Prince of peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

371

Love to the Church. *S. M.*

Tune.—SHIRLAND, No. 322.

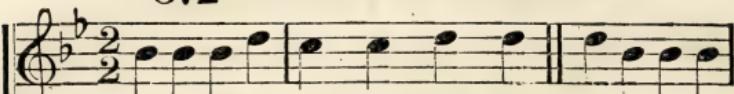
1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord !
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

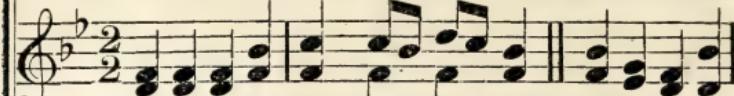
3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

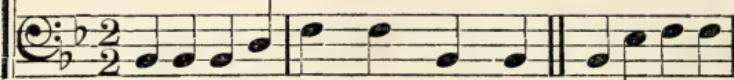
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.



1. Glorious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty
 He, whose word cannot be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his
 d. c. With salvation's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at



2. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e -
 To supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of
 d. c. Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Never fails from



FINE.



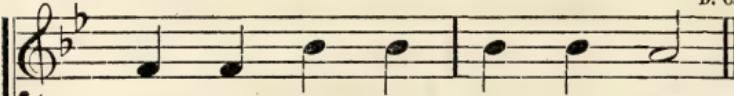
of our God! } On the Rock of a - ges founded,
 own a-bode: } all thy foes.



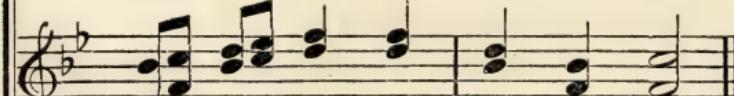
ter-nal love, } Who can faint, while such a riv - er
 want remove! } age to age.



D. C.

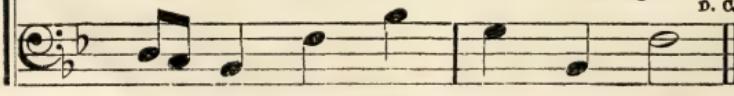


What can shake thy sure re - pose?



Ev - er flows his thirst t' assuage?

D. C.



SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

3 Round each habitation, hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near!
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.

373

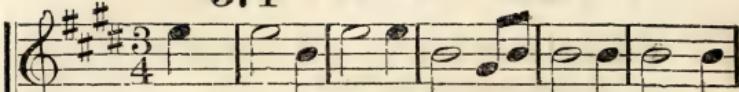
Zion's God. 8s, 7s & 4s

Tune.—ZION, No. 361.

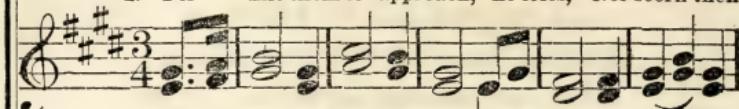
1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion!
 What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

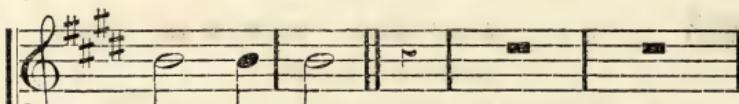
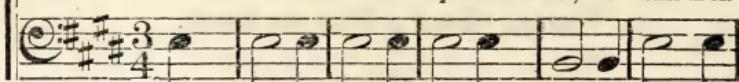
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee:
 God, thine everlasting light.

374 *SILOAM. C. M.*

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all - en -
2. "Per - mit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their



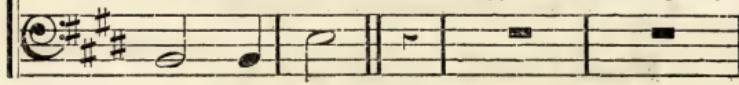
3. We bring them, Lord! in thank - ful hands, And yield them
4. Ye lit - tle flock! with pleasure hear, Ye chil - dren



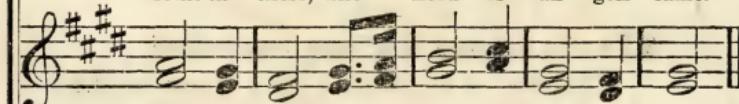
gag - ing charms! Hark! how he calls the
hum - ble name; For 'twas to bless such



up to thee; Joy - ful that we our -
seek his face; And fly, with trans - ports,



ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!
souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."



selves are thine, Thine let our off - spring be.
to re - ceive The blessings of his grace.



ORDINANCES.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

375

The Gospel Feast. C. M.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, in praise and song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?"
- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

1. Now I re - solve, with al. my heart, With all my
 pow'rs, to serve the Lord; Nor from his ways will I de-
 part, Whose ser - vice is a rich re - ward.

ORDINANCES

- 1 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his ways will I depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh! be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And, in his kind commands, rejoice.
- 4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

377

Self-Dedication. L. M.

- 1 LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place,
Among the children of thy grace,
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord! let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

FINE.

D. S.

ORDINANCES.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done ;

I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;

He drew me, and I followed on,

Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart !

Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;

Here have I found a nobler part,

Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow

That vow renewed shall daily hear ;

Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,

And bless in death a bond so dear.

379

Christ's Presence Desired. **L. M.**

Tune.—WARE, No. 32.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world ! be gone,

Let my religious hours alone :

Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;

I wait a visit, Lord ! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,

And kindles with a pure desire ;

Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,

And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour ! what delicious fare,

How sweet thine entertainments are !

Never did angels taste above

Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine !

In thee thy Father's glories shine :

Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,

That eyes have seen, or angels known !

380 WINDHAM. L. M.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and
 2. Be - fore the mournful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and
 3. "This is my bo - dy, broke for sin; Re-ceive and eat the

hell a - rose, A - gainst the Son of God's de - light,
 bless'd, and brake: What love thro' all his ac - tions ran !
 liv - ing food." Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;

And friends be - tray'd him to his foes:
 What won - drous words of grace he spake!
 "Tis the new cov' - nant in my blood."

ORDINANCES.

4 "Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
Meet, at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

381

Receiving New Members. L. M.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ ! for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys, which only he can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care, we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us, here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

382 MADAN. C. M.

1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In
 2. Thy bo - dy, bro - ken for my sake, My

3. Geth - sem - a - ne can I for - get? Or
 4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And

meek hu - mil - i - ty, This will I do, my
 bread from heav'n shall be; Thy tes - ta - men - tal

there thy con - flict see, Thine a - go - ny and
 rest on Cal - va - ry, O Lamb of God, my

dy - ing Lord! I will re - mem - ber thee.
 cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber thee.

blood - y sweat, And not re - mem - ber thee?
 sac - ri - fice! I must re - mem - ber thee :

ORDINANCES.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me !
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and mem'ry flee,
When, in thy kingdom, thou shalt come,
 Jesus ! remember me.

383

Christ's Love. C. M.

1 How condescending and how kind,
 Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
 And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
 That, when the Saviour knew,
The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high
 His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets his saints forget.

5 Here, let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

384 *LISCHER. H. M.**Moderato.*

1. Welcome! delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!

2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill his throne of grace;

I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord! make these moments blest;

Thy sceptre, Lord! ex - tend, While saints ad-dress thy face :

From the low train of mortal toys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys,

Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,

Chorus.

I soar to reach, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

And learn to know, And learn to know, and fear the Lord.

SABBATH.

3 Descend celestial Dove !
With all thy quickening powers ;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours ;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

385

Lord's Day-Morning. C. M.

Tune.—CHRISTMAS, No. 232.

- 1 LORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye :
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh ! may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

386 *SAVANNAH* 7s. 6 lines.*Larghetto.*

1. Safe - ly, thro' an - oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day; Day of
 all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest, Day of all the week the
 best, Emblem of e-ter - nal rest.

2d ending.

SABBATH.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord ! a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.



387

Day of Rest. 7s. Double.

1 WELCOME ! sacred day of rest !
Sweet repose from worldly care ;
Day, above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare .
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell ;
Thus he vanquished all our foes ;
Let our lips his glory tell.

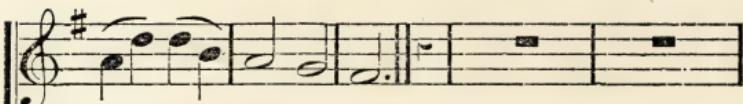
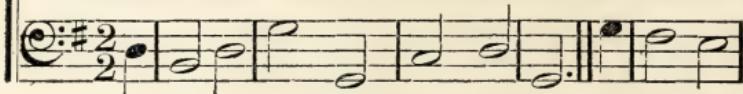
2 Gracious Lord ! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word,
When we sing thy praise, and pray ;
Earth can no such joys afford :
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys, and endless praise.



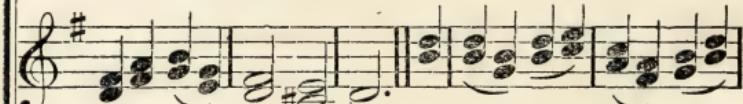
1. Sweet is the work, my God! my King! To praise thy



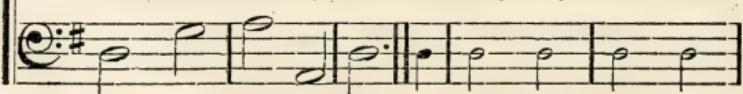
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor-tal



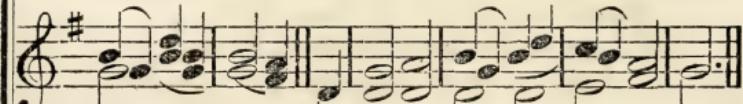
name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by



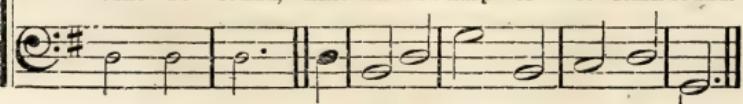
care shall seize my breast; Oh! may my heart in



morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.



tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of so-lemn sound.



SABBATH.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace,—how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Lord ! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

389 *The Earthly and Heavenly Sabbath.* **L. M.**

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin ;
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

1. An - oth - er six days' work, is done, An - oth-er
 2. Oh! that our tho'ts and thanks may rise, As grate-ful

Sab-bath is bē - gun; Re - turn, my soul! en -
 in-cense to the skies; And draw, from heav'n, that

joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath bless'd.
 sweet re - pose, Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

SABBATH.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

391

The Lord's Day. C. M.

Tune.—MARLOW, No. 132.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

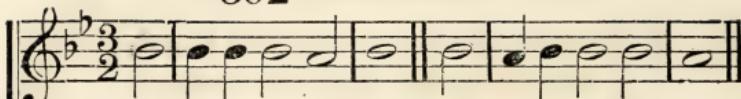
2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son :
Help us, O Lord ! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

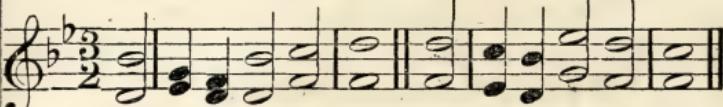
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna, in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

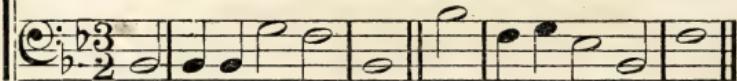
392 · LISBON. · S. M.



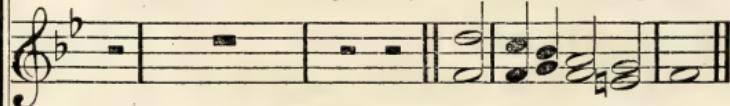
1. Welcome! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise!



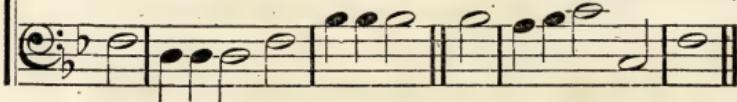
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;



Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes!



Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray,



Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re-joicing eyes!



Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.



SABBATH.

3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

393

Sabbath Worship. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune.—OLIPHANT, No. 258.

1 In thy name, O Lord ! assembling,
We thy people now draw near :
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore ;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before ;
Full enjoyment,
Full, and pure, forevermore.

394

*Moderato.***LITCHFIELD. C. M.**

1. Fre-quent the *day of God re - turns, To

2. Ac - cept our faint at - tempts to love, Our

shed its quick'ning beams; And yet how slow de-

frailties, Lord! for-give; We would be like thy

vo - tion burns! How lan - guid are its flames!

saints a - bove, And praise thee while we live.

SABBATH.

3 Increase, O Lord ! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end :

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine :

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And share immortal joy.

395

Close of Evening Service. 7s.

Tune.—HENDON, No. 240.

1 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But thou canst and wilt forgive :
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

396 **HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.**

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill! Who

3. How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound! Which

bring salvation on their tongues, 2. How charming is their
And words of peace reveal!

kings and prophets waited for, 4. How blessed are our
And sought, but never found.

voice! How sweet the tidings are! "Zi - on! be-hold thy Saviour
eyes, that see this heav'ly light! Prophets and kings desired it

King, He reigns and triumphs here! He reigns! He reigns and triumphs here;
long, But died without the sight, But died, But died without the sight.

MINISTRY.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



397

The Great Commission. L. M.

Tune.—ANVERN, No. 332.

1 "Go, PREACH my gospel!" saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned who don't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud, to heaven he rode:
They, to the farthest nations, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

398 AUGSBURG. L. M.

1. Pour out thy Spir - it from on high; Lord! thine as-

2. With-in thy tem - ple where we stand, To teach the

sem - bled ser - vants bless; Gra - ces and gifts to

truth as taught by thee, Sa - viour! like stars in

each sup - ply, And clothe thy

thy right hand, The an - gels

priests with right - eous - less.

of the church - es be!

MINISTRY.

3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our hearts,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

399

Prayer for Laborers. L. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh! send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Under the guidance of thy hand,
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow,
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the gospel's joyful sound,
Far as the race of man is found.

400 SELVIN. S. M.

1. Rest from thy la - bor, rest; Soul of the

2. Faith per - se - verance, zeal, Lan - guage of
3. Now, toil and con-flict o'er, Go, take with

just, set free! Blest be thy mem - o - ry, and blest

light and pow'r, Love, prompt to act, and quick to feel,
saints thy place; But go, as each hath gone be - fore,

Thy bright ex-am - ple be! Blest be thy mem - o -

Mark'd thee till life's last hour, Love, prompt to act, and
A sin - ner saved by grace, But go, as each hath

ry, and blest, Thy bright ex - am - ple be!

quick to feel, Mark'd thee till life's last hour.
gone be - fore, A sin - ner saved by grace.

MINISTRY.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands;
We were not his but thine.

5 Thou art thy church's head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To thee we lift our eye.

401

Death of an Aged Minister. S. M.

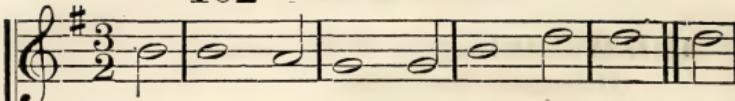
1 "SERVANT of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

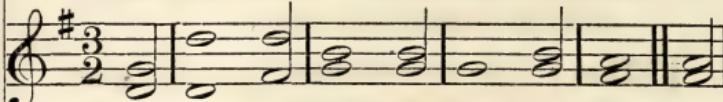
3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

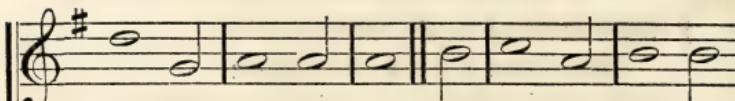
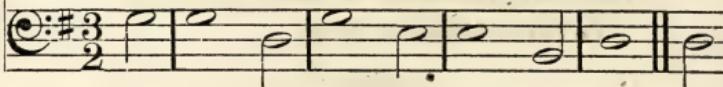
5 Soldier of Christ! well-done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

402 *MEAR. C. M.*

1. In thee, great God! with songs of praise, Our



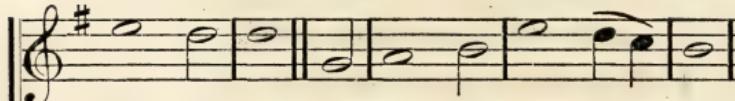
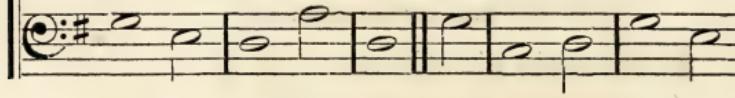
2. In deep dis-tress, our in-jured land Im-



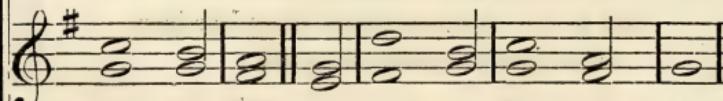
fa-vor'd realms re-joice; And, blest with thy sal-



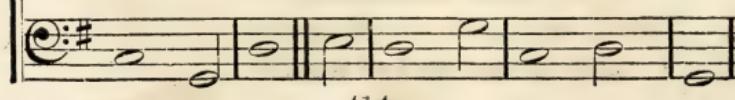
plor'd thy pow'r to save; For life we pray'd; thy



va-tion, raise To heav'n their cheer-ful voice.



boun-teous hand The time-ly bless-ing gave.



NATIONAL.

3 On thee, in want, in woe, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely ;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

4 Thus, Lord ! thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame ;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine almighty name.

403

Prayer for Country and Church.

C. M.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah ! shine,
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal thy power through all our courts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know, and love,
Their Saviour and their God ?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will
And yield a full increase ;
Our God will crown his chosen land,
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

NATIONAL.

404 *God Acknowledged in National Blessings* **L. M.**

Tune.—ROCKINGHAM, No. 1.

- 1 GREAT God of nations ! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart, and bended knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God !
For all the kindness thou hast shown,
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here, Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety, through their dangerous way.
- 4 Great God ! preserve us in thy fear ;
In dangers still our guardian be ;
Oh ! spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

405

Judgments Deprecated. **7s.**

Tune.—NUREMBURG, No. 22

- 1 WHY, O God ! thy people spurn ?
Why permit thy wrath to burn ?
God of mercy ! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.
- 2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the breaches thou dost make ;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.
- 3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world ;
Save us, Lord ! we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm—thy chosen free.

NATIONAL.

406

Thanksgiving. 7s.

Tune.—PLEYEL'S HYMN, No. 158.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong :
Saints and angels ! join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land :
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

407

Praise from all Nations. 7s. 6 lines.

Tune.—PROPONTIS, No. 178.

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of grace !
Show the brightness of thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour ! shine ;
Fill thy church with light divine ;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

408 *AMERICA. 6s & 4s.**Maestoso.*

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty, Of thee I



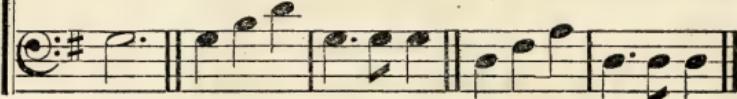
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I



sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,



love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills:



From ev' - ry moun-tain-side Let free - dom ring.



My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.

NATIONAL.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King !

409

"God Save the State!" 6s & 4s

1 GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On him we wait :
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

410 *HALLE.* 7s.

1 In this calm, im - press - ive hour, Let my pray'r as -
 God of mer - cy! God of pow'r! Hear me, when to

cend on high; } thee I cry: } Hear me from thy loft - y throne,

For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

MORNING.

2 With the morning's early ray,
 While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
 Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
 And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh! what joy that word affords,
 “Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;”
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
 Send thy gospel heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
 Usher in the glorious day.

411

A Morning Invocation. L. M.

Tune.—DARLEY, No. 355.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
 And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
 High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me, while I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning-dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

412 **GRATITUDE.** *L. M.*

1. My God! how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are

ev' - ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies

from a - bove, Gent - ly djs - till, like ear - ly dew.

MORNIN G.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

413

Morning Thanks. 7s.

Tune.—HORTON, No. 196.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong!
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night,
'Twas thy hand restored the light;
Lord! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous, as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray,
Oh! preserve me through the day;
Dangers every where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul, thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

414 PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul! the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy
 2. Night un-to night his name re-peats, The day re-
 3. 'Tis he supports my mor-tal frame, My tongue shall
 4. A thousand wretched souls are fled, Since the last

wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice! thy trib-ute
 news the sound; Wide as the heav'n, on which he
 speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to
 set-ting sun; And yet he lengthens out my

pay sits To him who rules the skies.
 To turn the sea-sons round.

flame, And yet his wrath de-lays.
 thread, And yet my mo-ments run.

MORNING.

5 Great God ! let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

415

A Morning Song. C. M.

1 LORD of my life ! oh ! may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep, I closed my eyes,
In undisturbed repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 Oh ! let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

416 *EVENING HYMN. L. M.*

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God! this night, For all the blessings
 2. For-give me, Lord ! for thy dear Son, The ill that I this
 3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit-tle
 4. Oh! may my faith on thee re - pose; May gen-tle sleep my
 of the light; Keep me, oh! keep me, King of kings!
 day have done; That with the world, my - self and thee,
 as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may
 eye-lids close, That shall my frame more vig' - rous make,
 Be - beneath the shad - ow of thy wings.
 My soul, this night, at peace may be.
 Rise glo - rious, at the judg - ment - day.
 To serve my God when I a - wake.

EVENING.

5 Lord ! let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy parental care ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

417

An Evening Song. C. M.

Tune.—HARMONY GROVE, No. 164.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense, rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around ;
But, oh ! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him, who died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll !
- 5 Lord ! with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee ;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

418 HEBRON. L. M.

Slowly, smoothly.

3/4 time signature, key signature of one flat. The first staff consists of a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The second staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-

3/4 time signature, key signature of one flat. The first staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The second staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes.

longs my days; And ev' - ry eve - ning shall make known

3/4 time signature, key signature of one flat. The first staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The second staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes.

3/4 time signature, key signature of one flat. The first staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The second staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes.

Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

3/4 time signature, key signature of one flat. The first staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The second staff consists of a series of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes.

EVENING.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

419

An Evening Sacrifice. L. M.

1 GREAT God ! to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
Oh ! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus ; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God !
 And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

420 *FAMILY SONG.* 8s & 7s.*Gently—Softly.*

1. Saviour! breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2. Tho' destruction walk around us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,

An-gel-guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

EVENING.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

421

Repose and Devotion. 7s. 6 lines.

Tune.—SABBATH, No. 386.

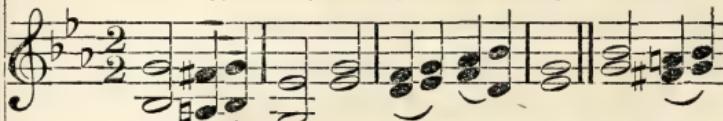
1 Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free ;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord ! I would converse with thee :
Oh ! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys ;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice :
Lord ! forgive, thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

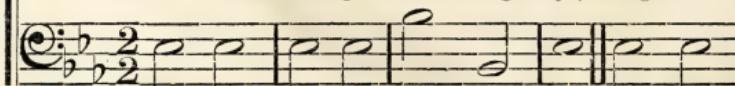
3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise ;
Oh ! accept my song of praise.



1. Soft - ly, now, the light of day Fades up-



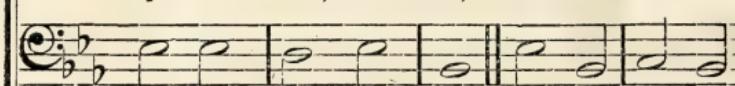
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye, Naught es-



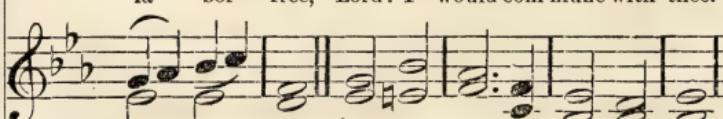
on my sight a - way; Free from care, from



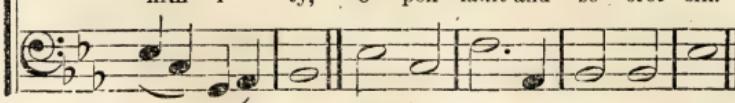
capes with - out, with - in, Par - don each in-



la - bor free, Lord! I would com-mune with thee.



firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.



EVENING.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Now from thine eternal throne
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

4 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord ! to dwell with thee.

423

Twilight Prayer.

C. M.

Tune.—BROWN, No. 80.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
My cares and sorrows all to cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 And, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm, as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

424 ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I
see In yon - der realms of light Prepared for me.
2. Oh! may I faith-ful prove, And keep the crown in
view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue.

Chorus.

I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to - day;
I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to - day;
Yes! nearer my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been before.
Yes! nearer my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been before

EVENING.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

425

Coming Night. 8s & 7s.

Tune.—DORRNANCE, No. 289.

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by ;
See ! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past ;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;
Paler now the glowing West ;
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness !
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning ; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest !

426 *COME, LET US ANEW.* 11s & 5s.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a -

year, And nev-er stand still till the Master ap-pear; His a -

way, And the fu-gi-tive moment re - fus - es to stay: The

dor - a - ble will, Let us glad-ly ful - fill, And our talents improve,

ar-row is flown, The moment is gone, The mil - len-ial year

By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love. love.

Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here! here!

1st time. 2d time.

THE YEAR.

3 Oh ! that each, in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work which thou gav'st me to do !"
Oh ! that each, from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne !"

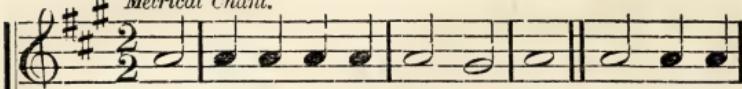
427

Our Times in God's Hand. **S. M.**

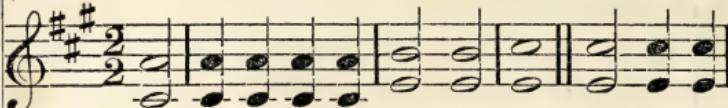
Tune.—VESPER, No. 200.

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand,
O God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to thy care.
- 2 Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 Our times are in thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus the crucified ;
The hand our many sin's have pierced,
Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in thy hand,
We'll always trust in thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see.

428 STERLING. L. M.

Metrical Chant.

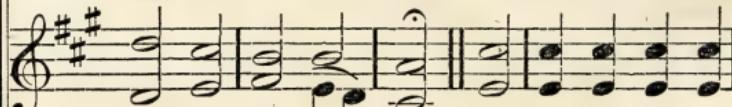
1. Great God! we sing that might-y hand, By which sup-



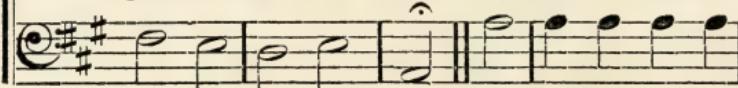
2. By day, by night—at home, a - broad, Still we are



port - ed still we stand; The op'-ning year thy



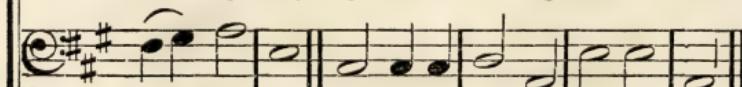
guard-ed by our God; By his in - ces-sant



mer - cy shows, Let mer-cy crown it till it close,



boun - ty fed, By his un - err - ing coun-sel led.



THE YEAR.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

429

Life Fleeting. 7s & 6s.

Tune.—AMSTERDAM, No. 221.

1 TIME is winging us away,
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb ;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

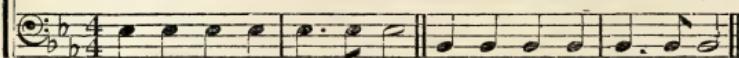
2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb :
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above ;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

430 *BENEVENTO.* 7s. *Double.**Firm, and accent strong.*

1. While with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the form-er year,



2. As the wing-ed ar - row flies, Speed-i - ly the mark to find;



Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:



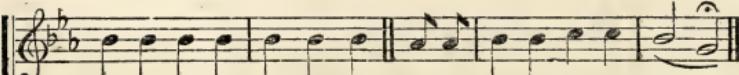
As the lightning from the skies Darts and leaves no trace behind,



Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be-low;



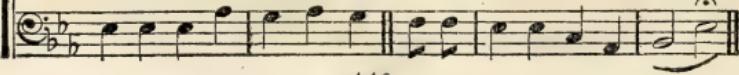
Swift-ly thus our fleet-ing days Bear_ns down life's ra-pid stream;



We a lit - the long-er wait, But how lit - tie, none can know.



Upward, Lord! our spirits raise, All be - low is but a dream.



THE YEAR.

3 Thanks for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew:
From this moment, may we live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

431

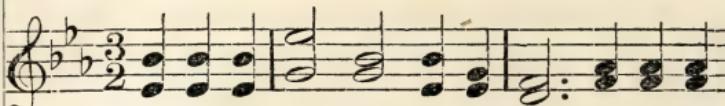
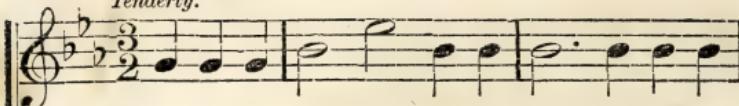
Time Short—Man Frail.

C. M.

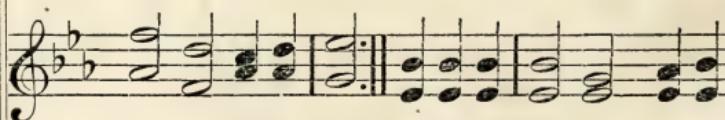
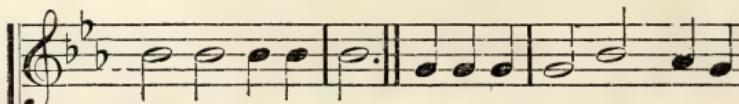
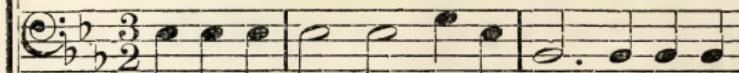
Tune.—ST. MARTINS, No. 320.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath,
And yet, how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

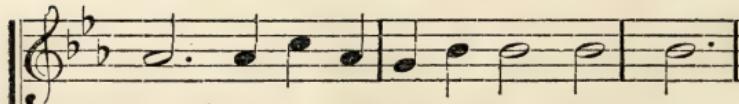
432 REST. L. M.

Tenderly.

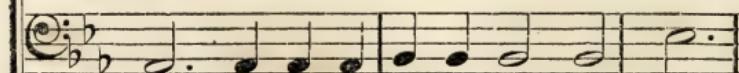
1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none



ev-er wakes to weep! A calm and un-dis-turb'd re-



pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.



DEATH.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hast lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

433

Burial of Saints. L. M.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed!
Rest here, blest saint! till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

434 CHINA. C. M.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or
2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As

shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that
fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the

Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

DEATH.

3 Why should we tremble, to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There, the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound ;
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground !
Ye saints ! ascend the skies.

—○—○—
Dying in the Lord. C. M.

435

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
“Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping-bed.

2 “They die in Jesus, and are blessed,
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings, and from sins, released,
And freed from every snare.

3 “Far from this world of toil and strife,
They’re present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.”

436 ZEPHYR. L. M.

Gently

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous
 2. The pains, the groans, the dy - ing strife, Fright our ap-

worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end - less
 proach-ing souls a - way; Still we shrink back a - gain to

joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.
 life, Fond of our pris - on and our clay.

DEATH.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

437

Death of the Righteous. L. M.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies,
 When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks a gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears !
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell :
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world ! farewell !

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
 " How blest the righteous when he dies ! "

438 **MOUNT VERNON.** 8s & 7s.
Slow and soft.

1. Cease, ye mourners! cease to lan-guish, O'er the grave of
 2. While our si - lent steps are stray-ing, Lone-ly, thro' night's

those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and an-guish,
 deep'-ning shade, Glo - ry's bright-est beams are play-ing

En - ter not the world a - bove.
 Round th' im - mor - tal spir - it's head.

DEATH.

3 Light and peace at once deriving,
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there, no more can come ;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners ! cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

439

A Funeral Hymn. 12s & 11s.

Tune.—THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE, No. 119.

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

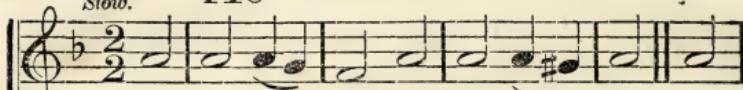
2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of heav'n beam'd bright on thy waking
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

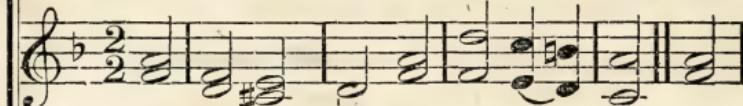
4 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ;
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

Slow.

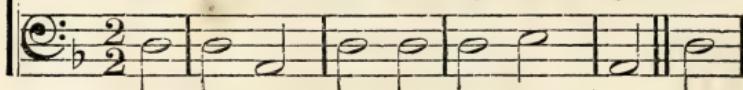
440 BANGOR. C. M.



1. Be -neath our feet, and o'er our head, Is
2. Death rides on ev'-ry pass - ing breeze, And



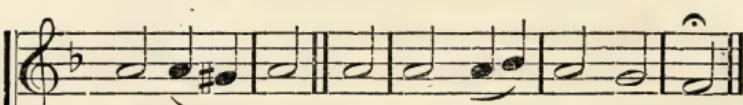
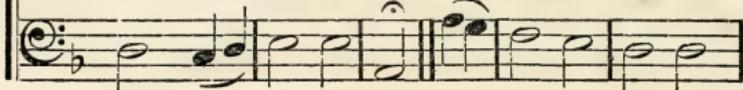
3. Our eyes have seen the ro - sy light Of
4. Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt



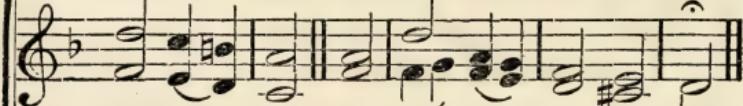
e - qual warn-ing given; Be -neath us lie the
lurks in ev'-ry flower; Each sea - son has its



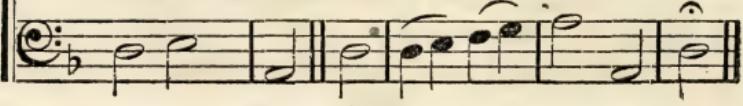
youth's soft cheek, de -cay, And fate de -scend, in
fee - bly to the tomb; And yet shall earth our



count - less dead, A -bove us, is the heaven -
own dis - ease, Its per - il, ev' -ry hour.



sud - den night, On man -hood's mid -dle day.
hearts en - gage, And dreams of days to come?



DEATH.

5 Turn, mortal! turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, Christian! turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms, which underneath thee lie,
Shall live, for hell, or heaven.

441

Burial of an Infant. 8s & 7s.

Tune.—MOUNT VERNON, No. 438.

1 FARE thee well, thou lovely stranger;
Guardian angels, take your charge;
Freed at once from pain and danger;
Happy spirit set at large!

2 Life's most bitter cup just tasting,
Short thy passage to the tomb;
O'er the barrier swiftly hastening
To thine everlasting home.

3 Rest thee, here, in gentle slumbers,
Till the resurrection morn;
Then arise to join the numbers
Who its triumphs shall adorn.

4 Soon, sweet babe, we hope to meet thee
In the world of light above:
Oh, what rapture there to greet thee,
And resound redeeming love!

5 Now, O Lord, to thee submitting
We the tender pledge resign;
At the feet of Jesus sitting
We would have no will but thine.

1. Lo! he comes, in clouds descend - ing, Once for fa - vor'd

2. Ev' - ry eye shall now be-hold him, Robed in dread - ful

3. Ev' - ry isl - and, sea, and moun-tain, Heav'n and earth shall

sin - ners slain; Thou-sand, thousand saints at - tend - ing

ma - jes - ty; Those that set at nought, and sold him, flee a - way; All who hate him, must, con-found - ed,

Swell the tri - umph of his train: Hal - le-

Pierced and nail'd him to the tree, Deep - ly Hear the trump pro - claim the day; Come to

lu - jah; Je - sus shall for - ev - er reign.

wail - ing, Shall the great Mes - si - ah see. judgment, Come to judg-ment, come a - way.

JUDGMENT.

4 Now the Saviour, long-expected,
 See, in solemn pomp, appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.

43

The Sinner Judged. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 SEE th'eternal Judge descending,
 View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner! now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thine awful doom;
 Trumpets call thee!
 Stand and hear thine awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
 That he ne'er was born again!
 Greatly mourning,
 That he ne'er was born again!
- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love;
Oh! that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move!
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his Spirit move!"
- 4 Now, despisers! look and wonder;
 Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound,—"Depart!"
 Lost for ever,
 Hear the dreadful sound —"Depart!"

444 BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. I saw, be - yond the tomb, The

2. His wrath, like flam - ing fire, In

aw - ful Judge ap - pear, Pre-pared to scan, with

hell for - ev - er burns; And, from that hope - less

strict ac - count, The bless - ings wast - ed here.

world of woe, No fu - gi - tive re - turns.

JUDGMENT.

3 Ye sinners ! fear the Lord,
 While yet 'tis called to day ;
Soon will the awful voice of death
 Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close,
 The summer soon be o'er ;
O sinners ! then your injured God
 Will heed your cries no more.

445

The Judgment in Prospect. *S. M.*

1 AND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread !

4 Ye sinners ! seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

446 DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' ap -
 2, Thou love - ly Chief of all my joys! Thou
 3. Oh ! wretch-ed state of deep de - spair, To

point-ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be -
 Sov'reign of my heart! How could I bear to
 see my God re - move, And fix my dole - ful

 sta - tion, where I must not taste his love.""/>

fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
 hear thy voice Pro - nounce the sound "De - part."
 sta - tion, where I must not taste his love."

JUDGMENT.

4 Jesus ! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

447

Christ's Right Hand. C. P. M.

Tune.—MERIBAH, No. 156.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge ! shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 Blest Saviour ! grant it by thy grace ;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day ;
Thy pard'ning voice, oh ! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

3 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face ;
Then filled with rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

448 *FREDERICK.* 11s.

1. I would not live al-ways: I ask not to stay, Where storm after

2. I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath

3. Who, who would live always, away from his God; Away from yon

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lucid mornings, that

lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till hea-ven, that bliss-ful a - bode, Where the rivers of plea-sure flow

dawn on us here, Are follow'd by gloom, and beclouded with fear.

bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph descending the skies. o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory e-ter-nal-ly reigns?

HEAVEN.

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

449

Rest for the Weary Soul. *S. M.*

Tune.—GOLDEN HILL, No. 84.

1 OH ! where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul !
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality !

450 REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my

Chorus.

Saviour's gone before me, To fulfill my soul's request; There is rest for the

weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is

rest for you, On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of

REST FOR THE WEARY.- *Continued.*

E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;
Shout your triumph as you go :
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

Glowing.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful
 2. Oh! the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That rises to my

3. O'er all those wide-extended plains, Shines one e - ter - nal
 4. No chilling winds, no pois'rous breath, Can reach that healthful

eye To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, To Canaan's
 sight! Sweet fields, array'd in liv - ing green, Sweet fields, ar-

day; There, God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, There God, the
 shore; Sickness and sor-row, pain and death, Sick-ness and

fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 ray'd in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de - light!

Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way
 sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and fear'd no more.

HEAVEN.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

452

Prospect of Heaven, Cheering.

C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

453 THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

With gentleness.

1. A beau-ti-ful land, by faith I see, A land of rest, from

2. That beau-ti-ful land, the city of light, It ne'er has known the

sor-row free, The home of the ransomed, bright and fair
And beau-ti-ful an-gels
shades of night; The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness

Chorus.

too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful
far a-way. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful
land with me Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land?
land with me Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land?

HEAVEN.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light ;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

454

My Heavenly Home.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there ;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

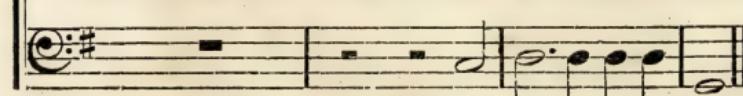
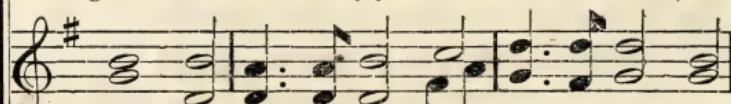
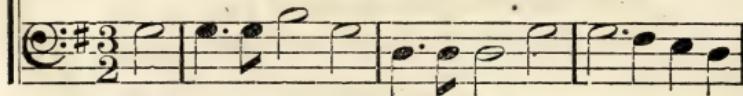
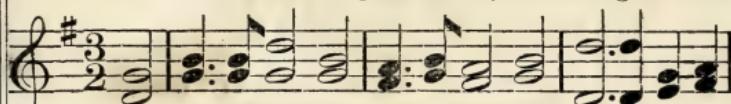
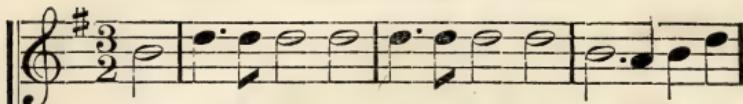
Chorus.—Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that heavenly home with me ?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that heavenly home ?

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.—*Chorus.*

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.—*Chorus.*

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.—*Chorus.*

455 WOODLAND. C. M.



HEAVEN.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,

To brighter prospects given;

And views the tempest passing by,

The evening shadows quickly fly,

And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,

And joys supreme are given;

There, rays divine disperse the gloom;

Beyond the confines of the tomb,

Appears the dawn of heaven.

456 *Heaven alone Unfading.* L. M

Tune.—WOODWORTH, No. 207.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!

How transient every earthly bliss!

How slender all the fondest ties

That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,

The withering grass, the fading flower,

Of earthly hopes are emblems true,

The glory of a passing hour.

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,

And all beneath the skies is vain,

There is a land, whose confines lie

Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come

Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:

If God be ours, we're traveling home,

Though passing through a vale of tears.

HEAVEN.

457 *The Worship of Earth and Heaven.* **C. M.**

Tune.—MADAN, No. 382.

- 1 FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
 The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face
 And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
 In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
 With wonder and with love.

458

Victory through the Lamb. **C. M.**

Tune.—CLARENDON, No. 42.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
 They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
- 3 They marked the footsteps he had trod;
 His zeal inspired their breast;
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

HEAVEN.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

459

Saints one in Heaven and on Earth. C. M.

Tune.—ATHENS, No. 236.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one :

3 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die !

6 Dear Saviour ! be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

460. IVES. 7s. Double.

1. What are these in bright array, This in - nu - mer - a-ble throng,
 2. These thro' fiery tri-als trod, These from great af - flic - tion came;

Round the al - tar night and day, Hymning one triumphant song?
 Now be-fore the throne of God, Seal'd with his al-might-y name,

"Wor-thy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor, glo-ry, power,
 Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor-palms in ev 'ry hand,

Wisdom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min - ion, ev'ry hour!"
 Thro' their dear Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.

HEAVEN.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispel all fears,
And, for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

461

The Bliss of Heaven. 7s.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love :
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love :
Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest, the aching head,
Soothed, the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose ;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

462 BRIDGEPORT. L. M.

1. As when the wea-ry traveler gains The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains, He eyes his home tho' distant still;

2. So when the Christian pilgrim views, By faith his mansion in the skies;
 The sight his fainting strength renewes,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

HEAVEN.

3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day :
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends
To lead us on to thy abode,
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

463

The Heavenly City. L. M.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight :
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

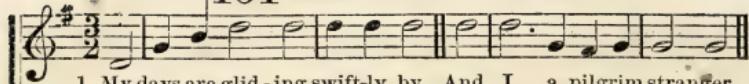
2 "We've no abiding city here,"
This may distress the wordly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear ;
But let us haste from all below.

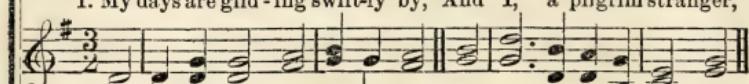
4 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are *bless'd*!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be *mine*,
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

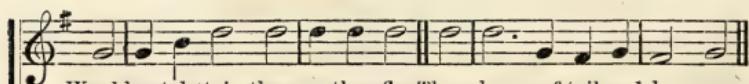
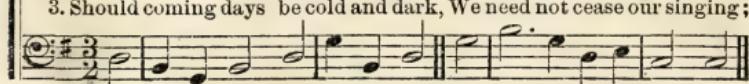
464 SHINING SHORE.



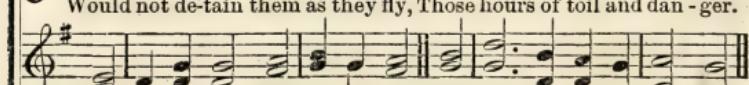
1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,



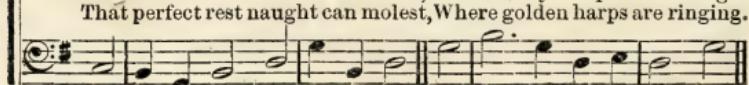
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'ly home discerning;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;



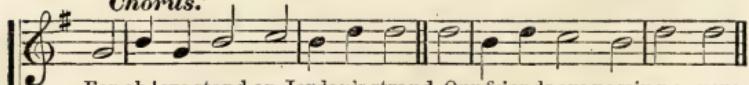
Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.



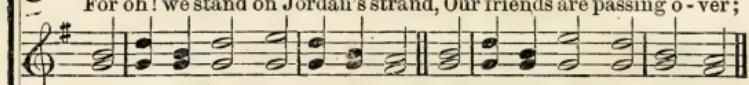
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev'-ry lamp be burn-ing.
That perfect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.



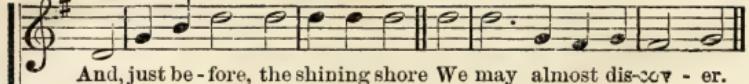
Chorus.



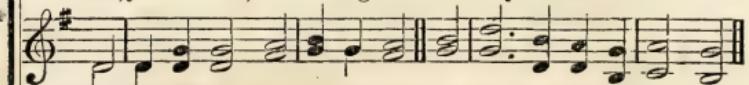
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver;



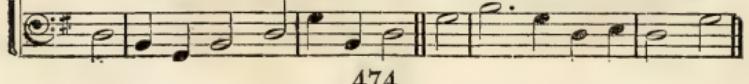
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver;
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver;



And, just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.



And, just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov-er.
And, just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov-er.



HEAVEN.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our king says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh ! forever !

465

The Saints in Light. 7s.

Tune.—IVES, No. 460.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne ;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Vict'ry through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness
And his blood, that made them so.

5 Who were these ? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us :
Ah ! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

466 "WHERE THERE IS NO PARTING."

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heav'ly shore? The
land for - ev - er bright and fair, Where sorrow reigns no more.

Chorus.

Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing,
Where there is no part - ing, And sor - row reigns no more.

HEAVEN.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly
On angels' wings to heaven.—*Chorus.*

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies !
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise.—*Chorus.*

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past ;
My Saviour takes me fully in;
And I am his at last.—*Chorus.*

467

The Better Land. L. M.

Tune.—ANVERN, No. 332.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught :

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light ;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode ;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ey - er dear to
 2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates be -
 3. Oh! when, thou ci - ty of my God! Shall I thy courts as -
 4. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel, at death, dis -

me, When shall my la - bors have an end, In
 hold? Thy bul - warks, with sal - va - tion strong, And
 cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And
 may? Je - ru - sa - lem I soon shall view, In

joy, and peace, and thee? In joy, and peace, and thee?
 streets of shin - ing gold? And streets of shin - ing gold?
 Sab-baths nev - er end? And Sabbaths nev - er end?
 realms of end - less day, In realms of end - less day.

HEAVEN.

5 Redeeméd saints and angels, there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
 Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

469

Life in Heaven. C. M.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
 Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
 And pleasure never dies.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
 And foams the angry tide,

3 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
 To cheer the soul forlorn.

4 The vision of that heavenly home,
 Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
 A tide of rapture roll.

5 For there, adieus are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine
 Untroubled and serene.

470 "FOREVER WITH THE LORD?"

1. "For ev-er with the Lord!" A-men! so let it be: Life from the dead is
 in that word; 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty! 2. Here, in the bo-dy pent, Ab-
 sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
 day's march near-er home: Near-er home, Near-er

"FOREVER WITH THE LORD?"—Continued.

The image shows a musical score for three voices. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff in C major, and the bottom staff in F major. The lyrics "home, A day's march near - er home." are written below the middle staff. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill:
 Here fulfill,
 Here fulfill,
 E'en here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

6 That resurrection word!
 That shout of victory!
Once more—"Forever with the Lord!"
 Amen! so let it be!
 Let it be!
 Let it be!
 Amen! so let it be!

471 OAK. 6s & 4s.

D. C. 2d and 3d stanzas—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can

2. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing! I am

3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing My Re.

FINE.

tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night, Do not de - tain me, for I am

longing, I am longing for the sight; I have been wand'ring forlorn and
deem - er, my Re - deem - er is the light? There is no sor - row, nor any

D. G.

go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing,

wea - ry, Within a coun - try un - known and drea - ry.
sigh - ing, Nor any sin there, nor any dy - ing.

D. G.

473 VICTORY. 10s

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move,
 An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come,

Bound to the land of bright spirits above; } { Soon, with my pilgrimage
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!" } { Home to the land of bright

end - ed be - low, } Pil - grim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 spi - rits I go; }

* Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

HEAVEN.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before ;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore ;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom :
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear !
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors ! I fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb !
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;
Joyfully, then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

474

Death, the Victor, Vanquished. 10s.

1 HAPPY the spirit released from its clay ;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away ;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
"Victory ! Victory ! homeward I rise."
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe ;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
"Victory ! Victory !" thus on the wing.

2 Nor, would we have it recalled from its home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ;
Safely it passed from its troubles beneath,
"Victory ! Victory !" shouting in death :
And when its Lord shall descend from the skies,
Calling its body from dust to arise,
How it shall soar upon triumphing wing,
"Victory ! Victory !" ever to sing !

475 DAWN.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight
 shad - ows flee, Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry,
 A bea - con light hung out for thee; A - rise, a - rise! the
 light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne, Thy home is

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, the middle in C major, and the bottom in F major. The lyrics 'in the world of glo-ry, Where thy Re-deem - er reigns a - lone,' are written below the middle staff.

2 Toss'd on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly, composed, and dauntless, stand,
For lo ! beyond those scenes emerges
The height that bounds the promised land.
Behold ! behold ! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er ;
Hark ! how the heavenly hosts are cheering !
See in what throng they range the shore !

3 Cheer up ! cheer up ! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray ;
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away ;
Away ! away ! Heaven is before thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne ;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

476 *DISMISSION.* 8s, 7s & 4s, or 8s & 7s.

1. Lord! dis - miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our
 hearts with joy and peace: {Let us all, thy
 Oh! re - fresh us,
 love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace:
 Oh! re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.}

DISMISSION.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave this cumbrous clay,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

477

Communion of Saints. 8s & 7s.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Let us thus abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

478

God's Benediction Sought. L. M.

Tune.—ROCKINGHAM, No. 1.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord !
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

DOXOLOGIES.

479

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

480

C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

481

S. M.

YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

482

8s & 7s.

GLORY, honor, praise, and power
To the Lamb be ever paid;
Let new blessings, every hour,
Rest on his adoréd head.

483

8s, 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
God, the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

DOXOLOGIES.

484

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love ;
Praise him all ye heavenly host !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

485

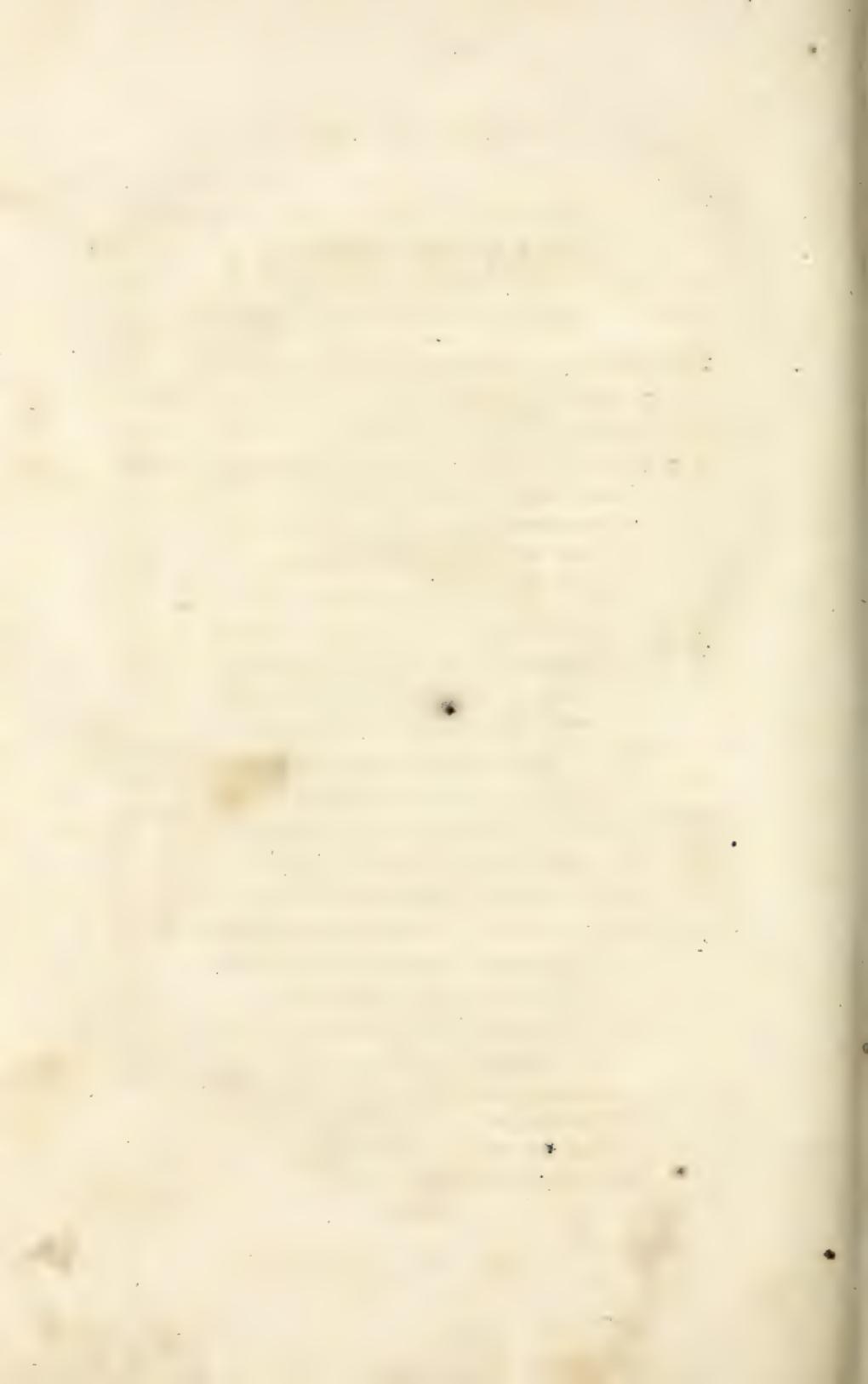
H. M.
To GOD the Father's throne,
Your highest honors raise ;
Glory to God, the Son ;
To God, the Spirit praise :
With all our powers,
Eternal King !
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

486

7s & 6s. (Iambic.)
WE'LL praise thy name forever,
Thou glorious King of kings !
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings :
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love,

487

7s & 6s. (Trochaic.)
FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore :
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee !



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